



AFTER

SUNSET

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AFTER SUNSET:

POETICAL GEMS.

BY MISS JESSIE FREMONT STEWART.



SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:
1891.

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INTRODUCTION.

HE following poems were composed by Miss Jessie Fremont Stewart, youngest child of the late James and Eliza Stewart, whose home is situated three miles north of Percy, in Randolph county, Illinois.

The ambition of the authoress, from her early childhood, was to be a poetess, and her first attempt at rhyme was the April Letter contained in this book. Finding that she had talent for that which she had ever desired, she continued improving the same, and to-day she presents to the public her book of poems, which she has named AFTER SUNSET—which, if providence be willing, will be followed later by another volume, containing several of the songs in AFTER SUNSET, accompanied by the music, which is also original with the authoress.

Hoping that AFTER SUNSET will meet the approval of all its readers, I will close, with best wishes.

JESSIE F. STEWART.

Springfield, Ill.

DEDICATED TO MY YOUNGEST SISTER,

Miss PHEBE D. STEWART,

NOW OF DUQUOIN, ILL.

DEAR SISTER—Although there are other members of our family for whom my heart beats warmly, and to whom I would gladly confer every mark of deepest respect, yet I make the dedication of AFTER SUNSET to you, as it would seem that providence had set us apart from the rest, that each might be the companion and sole comforter of the other, and to which you have so largely contributed. And though many miles lie between us to-day, yet our love extends along the line by which we are separated until it forms a happy union, as did you and I, when we, in our childhood, rambled here and there through the many pleasant surroundings of our beautiful farm home, in sight of which our beloved parents now sleep; and though their graves are dear to us, yet they strike in our hearts a pang not easily subdued.

Yes, Phebe, in referring to our childhood days, few, if any, were ever more bright than ours—the pleasures of which are buried, as it were, in the past—yet, were it possible, my heart would reclaim them for the present, as life then was more happy than now, though to-day I step out in the world a writer, the authoress of AFTER SUNSET, to be admired, no doubt, by some and harshly criticised by others; yet I know one heart that will beat with admiration, and deem AFTER SUNSET a victory achieved by her companion from birth. So farewell, dear sister, till we meet again.

Yours in love,

JESSIE F. STEWART,

Springfield, Ill.

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MY PRAYER.

BLESSED Savior keep me ever thoughtful of Thy open side,
From whence there flowed a crystal fountain ebbing with a peaceful tide.

Keep me ever, ever thoughtful of Thy death on Calvary,
Keep me thoughtful of Thy life-blood, which was dripping there for me.

Blessed Savior keep me thoughtful of Thy dying agony,
Of the groans which Thou didst utter on the cruel cross for me.

Keep me ever, ever thoughtful of that agonizing sight,
Where alone on yonder mountain Thou did'st pray at dead of night.

All alone on yonder mountain breathing low a solemn prayer,
While asleep were Thy disciples, little thinking of Thy care.

Little thinking of the trouble which enclosed Thy weary breast,
Whereon I hope, in heavenly mansions, to find my sweetest rest.

Blessed Savior help me ever to obey Thy holy will,
That I may hear, when death assails me, Thy sweet whisper. "Peace, be still."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER AND ADDRESSED TO SISTER PHEBE.

CHRISTMAS is coming again, sister, but little pleasure it brings,
For the one who made us a happy home, in heavenly mansions sings.

She has crossed o'er death's cold river, passed through its shining foam,

But her memory still we cherish in our lone and dreary home.

Christmas is coming again, sister, its joys you and I could share

If yonder grave had ne'er been made, had ne'er been needed there;

But the form which it incloses, sealed forever from our eyes,

Till we, too, shall cross death's river and above its billows rise.

Christmas is coming again, sister, and our ties are scattered wide,

But the one that was dearest to us has crossed over Jordan's tide.

She has crossed the river, sweetly wrapped in the Savior's love.

Though helpless here on earth below, thank God, she walks above.

Christmas is coming again, sister, and still through the on-coming years,

We, two, shall be hapless orphans with no one to dry our tears.

With no loving one ever ready our many wants to supply,

For she is gone from earth forever, forever from you and I.

HASTE, LOCOMOTIVE.

LEAVING ST. LOUIS TO VISIT MY HOME.

 HASTE, locomotive, fly on with the train,
For I'm longing to visit my old home again;
The minutes seem hours as you stop on the way,
So haste, locomotive, haste homeward, I pray;
Though fifty odd miles lie between home and me,
Where my poor heart is anxiously waiting to be,
Yet the distance seems twice that, so quicken thy speed,
That the heart of this prison-bound soul may be freed.

O haste, locomotive, yes, quicken thy speed,
That my heart from its anguish may know itself freed;
For I'm longing to visit the home of my birth,
Which home is to me the dearest on earth,
For there did I play when naught but a child,
Then what is the wonder that now I'm so wild
To visit the home where my parents so dear,
Once hushed all my sorrow and calmed every fear.

O haste, locomotive, why tarry along!
You could surely go faster, because thou art strong;
Methinks if I only thy strength could possess,
I could cover the distance in an hour or less,
So haste, locomotive, 'tis late, as you see,
But darkness can't stand between that haven and me;
I'll reach it to-night, for no distance can lay
Between home and me, though dark be the way.

O haste, locomotive, for I'm longing to hear
The brakeman call out the name of Percy so dear,
'Tis dear to my heart, because it's near to my home,
Where so oft in my fond childish glee did I roam;
At last have I reached thee, the home of my birth,
Which home is to me the most sacred on earth,
And I stand, as in awe, 'neath the moon's gentle gleam,
To think that to me e'en the weeds sacred seem.

A DOUBLE SEARCH.

IN a cottage near the forest
Dwelt a maiden young and fair,
With blue eyes of the deepest hue,
And a mass of golden hair.

This fair and youthful maiden,
In the summer often went
To the woods to gather flowers,
And many hours there she spent.

But one day not returning,
When her mother thought she should,
The mother put her bonnet on,
And walked right to the wood.

But O! her search was all in vain,
And in her deep despair
She missed her way, fell in a ditch.
In a ditch, she knew not where.

She saw an object coming near,
She stood and held her side,
For thought she it might be a witch,
And in her grief she cried:

Who's there, and for what are you out?
In sobs which she could not smother.
The answer came with an awful squall.
I'm out in search of mother.

APRIL LETTER.

COULD I but own Australia's mines,
And the British Empire too,
I would deem my wealth a mere trifle,
If with't it I had not you.

Oh, if our hearts united were,
My life would be a cloudless sky,
I'd ask no sweeter joy on earth,
Than in thy arms to live and die.

And in the future could I lean
My head upon thy breast,
Naught I'd care for the cold world's frowns,
So sweet would be my rest.

Then, when thy footsteps I would hear,
I would meet you at the door,
I'd smile my sweetest smile on you
And ask for nothing more.

I would crown your life with roses,
Your pathway strew with ferns,
And gladly give my heart and hand
To my darling, Robert Burns.

But should you to another give
The love for which I pray,
On a broken heart the sun would set,
And rise on my cold clay.

Why do you live a single life?
A man so good, so brave, so true,
When you a youthful bride could wed,
Only a score of years have I passed through—

So of life I very little know,
But I deem it a sorrowful school,
Yet one sweet pleasure in it I find,
And that is to love you. April fool.

THE PENITENT CHILD.

BRING to Thee my trouble all,
 As on my knees, dear Lord, I fall,
 Beneath Thy rod I humbly bow
 To ask a blessing of Thee now.

I come to Thee, O blessed God,
 To bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod
 And ask, yes ask Thy pardon now,
 As to Thy will I humbly bow.

At first Thy will did bitter seem,
 As Thy chast'nings sore did o'er me stream,
 Dear Lord, 'twas bitter then, but now
 'Tis sweet, since to Thy will I bow.

So help me Lord to be reconciled,
 Yes, hear and help Thy penitent child,
 That from this on I may be free
 From my will, which now I resign to thee.

THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

UNDER, on life's golden harbor,
 Sails a little temperance band;
 Join it, father, join it, brother,
 Ere it gains the golden strand.

See their glorious banner waving—
 "Touch not, taste not, handle not"
 Is the motto on their banner,
 There inscribed without a blot.

Yes, the temperance banner's waving
 O'er a band of gallant braves,
 Who have signed her golden pledges
 Not to fill drunkards' graves.

Aid the temperance cause, dear brother,
Hurl her royal standard high;
Chime with it the blest Hosanna,
Then to you the victory 's nigh.

Take the pledge, O fallen brother,
And, within thy palsied hand,
Take the pen that freed the millions
Held by tyranny in our land.

Yes, the pen did prove the weapon
Which abolished slavery,
And, if used in faith in Jesus,
'Twill give freedom unto thee.

I LOVED HIM.

I LOVED him, but they said that he
Did love another more than me,
And that did break my heart in twain,
To think his love I could not gain
And mine for him was all in vain.

I loved him but he loved me not,
And another to the altar brought,
And pledged to her the love which I'd
Have given all my life, yes died
To have won, and been his chosen bride.

I loved him, and I will alway,
Yes, love him while on earth I stay,
And, if upon that blissful shore
We meet when this sad life is o'er,
I'll love him still, yes more and more.

'T WAS JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

WHO was it bore our load of sin,
And from its weight did moan within,
And left not in that bitter cup
A dreg for you, or me to sup?

'Twas Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Who was it died on Calvary's Mount,
And from His side there flowed a fount:
There flowed a fountain full and free,
There flowed a fount for you and me?

'Twas Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Whose body on the cross was sent,
While hours of agony there it spent,
That all the world might happy be,
And cleansed from all iniquity?

'Twas Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Who bore His cross, when well he knew
That He'd be crucified for you,
And to the world great love he showed,
When fainting 'neath its heavy load?

'Twas Jesus, blessed Jesus.

A WISH GRANTED.

WHEN I wept, and in my sorrow
Wished that I could find a friend,
One to take the place of mother,
One who would their sympathy lend.
To my heart, which knew but sorrow,
Since that horrid cruel night,
That my idol wronged me sorely,
Making dark the paths once bright.
And at last I found a person,
Found a friend who gave me rest,
For his presence was so sacred
That it calmed my weary breast.

ELNA'S APPEAL TO HER REJECTED LOVER,

OR, THE RETROSPECT OF A SHIPWRECK.

LONELY sat she by the ocean, looking o'er its
mighty main,
Watching for the ship to anchor, which would bring
her love again.

Sat she there in silence, waiting, where the ship would
ne'er again
Anchor, for she's lost her rudder, and her steerage
is in vain.

All unconscious of this trouble, which would soon be
hers to know,
For on board that once grand vessel, every heart has
felt its blow.

And the steersman's cries still sounded o'er the ship,
above, below:
The vessel's lost her rudder, fate has dealt her cruel
blow!

Then the captain wildly uttered: lost is every man
on board!
And the crew on board that vessel knelt, while every
voice was lowered,

Knelt, because they saw the signal, given by the
second-mate,
Whose sweet and beaming countenance calmed them
e'en in such a state.

Then, in tones of sweetest accents, rose his voice in
solemn prayer,
And though the horrid winds were sweeping, yet he
prayed in calmness there:

We, Thy undeserving creatures, who must pass beneath
Thy rod,
Come and humbly beg the mercy, of Thee, Almighty
God.

If it be Thy will, O Father, that this crew can never
now
Reach the land, our homes, our mothers, to Thy will
we humbly bow.

But, O God, the mate continued, there is one on
yonder plain,
If it be Thy will, O Father, let me see her face
again.

Thus, while praying, little thought he that the one
for whom he prayed,
Lonely sat upon the sea shore, where their loving
vows were made.

And there waited for the coming of the ship, but wait
was vain,
For she hears its moaning whistle sounding o'er the
sunny plain.

It's a wreck, my God! she uttered, save my Edward,
he's my all,
And again its moaning whistle stunned as would a
cannon ball.

Wildly beat her heart with terror, as she sobbed those
words, God save!
Save, and by Thy help I'll rescue Edward from a
watery grave.

Still she sobbed in bitter anguish, uttering wildly
with a groan,
I will save the life of Edward, save his, though I lose
my own.

She was thinking how to save him, not a life-boat
near the shore,
Save but one, all weather beaten, and which only
had one oar.

This she took and braved the dangers of the ocean's
briny deep,
Oared she o'er its angry waters, while with terror
they did sweep.

And though all was dark around her, and the winds
like torrents swept,
Yet she braved it to the ship-yard, where her rejected
lover slept.

At his door she wildly knocked. Who is there? he
sternly cries;
It is Edna, Falsed, Edna, help me e'er my lover
dies.

Then in haste the door was opened, and the maiden
thus began:
Falsed, you have ships and you can steer them, go
as quickly as you can.

True, I've ships, and I can steer them, but to go is
such a task,
But I'll go for your sake, Edna, if you'll pay the
price I ask.

Or, in other words I'll put it, so that you may
plainly see,
'Tis not money that I'am asking, but a greater
prize to me.

Name your price, and I will give it, or the prize,
whate'er it be,
If it is in my possession, I will gladly give it to
thee.

Then 'tis settled, I'm the owner of the one which long
I've sought,
I no longer am unhappy, for at last the prize I've
got.

At his feet she fell half fainting, O, my God! it can't
be me;
All my wealth I'll freely give you, but your wife I ne'er
can be.

Then your lover drowns, said Falsed; his will be a
watery grave,
For without thy hand in marriage, I'll not try his
life to save.

If I marry, 'twill be treachery, let him drown, would
murder be,
Such were thoughts, which filled her bosom with the
bitterest agony.

Promise, though you do not mean it; promise, then
your tears I'll dry,
Thus he wound his web around her, as did the spider
with the fly.

Then she turned in anguish from him, so her face he
could not see,
And she faintly murmured: Falsed, go, and I will
marry thee.

Then his ship was soon seen sailing toward the wreck,
her aid to lend,
And with joy the crew beheld her, as she sailed around
the bend.

Still the second mate was praying, blessed Lord, may
it not be
That a soul on this wrecked vessel will be wrecked in
eternity.

All then left the wreck save Edward, and the maiden,
hast'ning there,
Heard him say those words: "Poor Edna! help her,
Lord, her grief to bear."

Edward, calmly spoke the maiden, as she kissed his
marble brow,
Here's a vessel for you waiting, you are safe from
shipwreck now.

But her voice was choked with sobbings: Edward—
O! I cannot tell—
Falsed made—you'll spurn me, Edward—made me
promise—then she fell

At his feet, while tears of anguish made her lovely
eyes grow dim.
Made you promise what, my darling? Made me—made
me say I'd marry him.

Then he clasped her to his bosom, kissed her on her
tear-stained face,
While he sat in fear and silence, as she told him her
sad case.

O you'll always spurn me, Edward. Spurn! Ah, no,
I can't spurn thee;
But a thousand times I'd have rather perished in the
surging sea,

Than to have my life saved only just to break my
heart in twain
By the hearing of such falseness, and to love you all
in vain.

O! I never meant to wed him—never thought he'd
cause me to.
'Till he said, as we were coming, as I'd said I'd have
to do.

If I didn't, that he'd pass you far enough that I could
see,
With my own eyes, my love, drowning, and then I
promised, just for thee.

Ah! my love, I ne'er can chide thee. Spurn thee!
'twould be such a wrong;
But advice I'll give you, darling: list not to a devil's
song;

For he'll charm you every time, love, win the heart
which should be mine,
Making grief to fill my bosom, which I hope will ne'er
reach thine.

While the lovers still were musing, Falsed told the
crew on board
How she'd saved the old warped life-boat, and the
bravery which she showed;

And each cried, God bless the maiden, and to meet
her did run,
While he adds, she's mine to-morrow, at the setting
of the sun.

Then they met the fair young maiden coming in the
arms of him
Whom she cherished more than millions,—more than
worlds did she love him.

And each sailor kissed the maiden,—kissed her on the
sweet, sad face,
E'en her hands were wet with kisses, while each did
her form embrace.

Then, when all were ready, waiting for the ship to
start to sail,
Falsed then approached poor Edna, and her face grew
ghastly pale.

Mine, my darling, then he whispered, but his sweet words only hissed

In her ears as would a serpent, while her ghastly lips he kissed.

And he led away his darling from the one whom most she loved,

While her cries rang o'er the vessel, but his heart still stayed unmoved.

Then the sailors asked each other, who is this that she's to wed

On the evening of to-morrow, as you know that stranger said?

No one knew; they then asked Edward, whose breath was coming hard and short,

And he faintly murmured, Falsed; but it should have been false heart,

For he won her by falseness—she who was to be my bride

When the ship would cease her steering on the ocean's surging tide.

Then, when on that dreaded 'morrow, when the dreaded hour came,

And upon the floor, half fainting, Edna stood, while Rev. Lane

Asked her, "do you take this man?" and so on, and her heart then filled with fears,

As she caught the gaze of Edward—saw his pained looks and his tears.

Then a sob, and all was over, and poor Edna was no more,

For the pained looks of her lover broke the still heart on the floor.

Edward went, and on her forehead pressed a last sweet
kiss thereon,
And, within another moment, Edward's spirit, too,
was gone.

Thus it seemed that none but Edward was to claim
her for his bride,
And the hearts that crushed each other, lay in their
cold forms, side by side.

THE UNCONSCIOUS MAIDEN.

SLOWLY the darkness was gathering around them, as
they, in the twilight, were walking alone.
One was a doctor, fair as an angel, the other a maiden,
whose heart he had won.

The girl at his side was wild with enjoyment: she was
'side of the one who most she adored;

But soon her enjoyment was turned to excitement at the
doctor's base words as his voice sickly lowered.

Methinks he was going against his own conscience, for at
first his voice faltered, his tongue seemed to swell,

As he said "I'm a doctor, and doctors tell nothing," but
the rest which he uttered I dare not to tell.

The maiden's heart swelled with bitter emotion, as the
doctor still tried his advances to gain,

And in trying he called her pet names, which just only
caused the maiden's heart an increase of pain.

At last, seeing all his attentions were evil, she said, her
young heart then bursting with pain,

"Doctor, I love you more than anyone living," hoping
that this would his sympathy gain.

But alas! his sympathy was far from that virgin: to do
the wretch justice, we'll say had none;

For, surely, if he'd cared for the love of the maiden, he
would not have attempted the wrong to have done.

THE LONE HOUR.

IN my loneliness I'm sitting, thinking of the
long ago,
When no shadows loomed around me, when
my bosom knew no throe.

But to-night is largely different from the time
which long has passed,
For to-night dense clouds hang o'er me, while
my tears are falling fast.

Tears of anguish, O I wonder why these bitter
tears I shed;
God, in pity look upon me!—pity one that's
worse than dead.

For if I were only sleeping 'neath the sod
'twould better be,
Than to wear my life out weeping—weeping,
O so bitterly.

But, dear Father, thou hast told us that you
chasten those you love:
O! if 'tis but Thy chastisement, then I've pity
from above.

For I know now that you love me, else you
would not chasten me;
So, then, from my cheeks so pallid, wipe the
tears that bitter be.

KISS ME GOOD NIGHT.

KISS me good night, mother, for soon will I be
Away from my home, and away from thee;
Let my head lean on thy bosom awhile
And lighten my heart with thy sunny smile.

Kiss me good night, mother, my hand take in yours,
May they be clasped on the golden shores;
May they be clasped, as they are to-night,
Sweetly together in you land of light.

Kiss me good night, mother, that sweet be my rest,
Let me again lean my head on thy breast,
Kiss me and press me again to thy heart,
Mother, dear mother, before we must part.

Kiss me good night, mother, my tears dry away,
Just as you did in an earlier day,
Lean your sweet face on mine, burning with pain,
And O! dry my tears which are falling like rain.

Kiss me good night, mother, the time's drawing near
That severs the ties which are bound so dear,
The time will soon come, then how can I rest,
When robbed of the joy of thy presence so blest.

Kiss me good night, mother, again let me lay
My head on thy breast, and then mother pray,
Pray that we'll meet on a brighter day,
On the sweet shores of heaven forever to stay.

Kiss me good night, mother, the time has now come
That I must leave thee, and my own dear home;
Quiet the throbbings which encircle my heart,
Mother, dear mother, before we must part.

Kiss me good night, mother, once more I embrace
The one that I love, and I kiss thy sweet face;
God grant that we meet above yonder blue sky,
Good bye, darling mother, good bye, O! good bye.

THE SWEETEST GIRL ON EARTH.

SHE'S the sweetest little girl that ever lived
on earth,
The prettiest girl in all the town, and has
been since her birth.

She's the sweetest little girl,—I just wish
you could see,
When she meets me in the garden and smiles
so sweet on me.

She's the sweetest little girl that e'er a
fellow had;
It always makes me happy to see her when
I'm sad.

And 'tis true I wouldn't leave her not for
all Great Britain's worth,
For I ne'er could find her equal—she's the
sweetest girl on earth.

BITTER-SWEET.

MAIDEN fair, though bowed with grief,
Once took a stroll to find relief,
And chanced to walk near bitter-sweet.
The vine then cheerfully seemed to say:
Take this, and drive thy grief away—
Take thee, of bitter-sweet.

O no! she said, with eyes of mist,
Which told a tale of needed bliss,
My grief was caused from bitter-sweet,
Because my love was all in vain,—
My love, which flowed like summer rain,
But proved naught else but bitter-sweet.

She stood and gazed upon the vine,
Whose tendrils 'round the bush did twine,
And thought of bitter-sweet.
So clings my wounded heart to thee,
But wishes from thy tendrils free
From thee, O bitter-sweet!

THE DRUNKARD'S HOVEL.

It was dark in the drunkard's hovel,
Not a gleam of light on the wall,
When the angel of death at the hovel did knock,
And the mother did answer the call.

She clasped her six-year old darling
To her bosom, so thin and bare,
And asked God's blessing on it.
Ere she left it motherless there.

No one at her wake was sitting
Save her child, who sat and wept,
Till sleep caused the infant head to droop,
And she slept on her mother's breast.

Until waked in the morn by the halloo
Of the man who came around
To bear away her mother's corps,
To place in the silent ground.

She was buried in a pauper's coffin,
Where the flowers grow rank and wild,
And all the procession that followed her there,
Was her broken-hearted child.

Who watched as they lowered the coffin?
In the grave so dark and deep,
Till the sexton began to shovel the dirt,
And then she began to weep.

O don't! she cried, as she caught his arm,
Mamma's coffin I still must see;
The only friend I have on earth,—
Don't cover her up from me!

He was moved by her cries, but he shovels on
Till the grave in a little heap stands,
And when, with his shovel, he patted it down,
She patted it, too, with her hands.

The grave being finished, the two return
To the homes from whence they had come—
He to his plenty, she to her naught,
The cause being her father's use of rum.

She enters the lonely hovel,
Where no earthly voice is known,
Yet there is something that seems to whisper,
Thou art not yet left alone.

And it made her think of her mother,
Ere death took her away,
Telling her to trust in Jesus,
And at this she began to pray:

Dear Jesus, when mamma was dying,
She said she'd leave me in your care;
That you'd riches untold up in heaven;
That you'd plenty of bread "and to spare."

She said you would always befriend me,
When enemies around me would come;
So now, blessed Jesus, I ask Thee
To shield from the enemy rum.

My papa spends all of his earnings
Inside of yon lattice door;
He spends it for rum, blessed Jesus,
The cause of my being so poor.

Last Sabbath I went to yon church there,
And stood silently out by the door,
For I was ashamed to enter,
I was so dirty and ragged and poor.

But I heard, as I list at the key-hole,
The preacher tell, solemn and sweet,
That the ravens once fed Elijah—
Brought him bread and flesh to eat.

And I wished, as I stood there, so hungry,
That the ravens would come and feed me,
And bring me, if only a piece of dry bread—
Just a piece of dry bread was my plea.

Thus she prays till she sees her father.
As she runs to meet him she said:
Please, papa, I am so hungry,
Won't you give me some money for bread?

But he heeds not his offspring's beggings
As he enters the gilded bar-room,
While she follows slowly after,
Saying, I'll ask the keeper for some.

She went to the bar-room keeper;
As he poured out the wine she said:
You have given my papa liquor,
Please, sir, will you give me some bread?

But the sweet, childish voice was unnoticed,
That is, no answer was given;
But though only a child, her words were not lost,
For the Master heard her in heaven.

And he called Gabriel to blow the trumpet
For the angel of death to come,
With his sickle, to pluck yon flower,
That it might bloom in his heavenly home.

For I've seen all of that poor child's sufferings,
And have heard all the cold answers given,
So haste to the hovel and bring it to Me,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LOVE CAN'T BE OFFENDED.

LOVE can't be offended, no,
 It will live while winds doth blow,
 It will live while shines the sun,
 It will live though it you spurn,
 And while waters ebb and flow,
 Love can't be offended, no.

Love can't be offended, no.
 It will live while grasses grow,
 It will live while waters run,
 It will live while ages turn,
 Yes, while ages come and go,
 Love can't be offended, no.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

IT was nearing on to midnight,
 In the moonlight's silent gleam,
 When her feet were pattering over
 Death's cold and chilling stream.

And I knew that she was going
 To a fair and better land,
 But, my heart burst forth the murmur:
 Father stay, O stay Thy hand!

But alas, my prayer unanswered,
 I was doomed to be alone,
 Then my lips seemed clinched together,
 And my heart a mass of stone.

But, O God! when life is ended,
 May I see her lovely face,
 And be wafted o'er the river,
 In my mother's sweet embrace.

THE LOST LOVE.

SONG.


 I HAVE loved, my heart's still yearning,
 For the love which once I sought,
 But I found when left in anguish,
 That his love was dearly bought.
 Had I purchased, paid the value
 Of my life, perhaps my soul!
 For my yearning heart had thought him
 Better far than heaven's goal.

CHORUS.

I may meet with better offers,
 But to me they'll all be vain.
 For I never, I can never,
 I can never love again.
 Once my heart was light and happy,
 Till his words, I dare not tell,
 Roused me from a love-sick slumber,
 Causing every nerve to swell;
 Swell with only bitter anguish,
 While a coil around my heart,
 Of a serpent sickly hissing,
 Striking then its poison dart.

CHORUS.

I may meet with better offers, etc.
 He my traitor, not my lover,
 As I'd thought him once to be,
 When he saw he'd crushed my spirits,
 Spoke not soothingly to me;
 Still I love him, love him ever,
 Till my heart has ceased to beat,
 Then in heaven I'll love and seek him,
 For he's first I want to meet.

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE.

I may meet with better offers,
 Which may be from better men.
 But I never, I can never,
 I can never love again.

EDWARD.

I LOVED thee, Edward, even when
You caused my heart that burning pain,
And when I heard thy name abused
With all the horrid language used
By man, to man, or beast,
I loved thee still, yes loved thee more
Than I had ever loved before.

I loved thee, Edward, through it all,
E'en while my heart you filled with gall
When you, your horrid words begun
Beneath the gleams of yonder moon,
That blushed such words to hear,
And sighed to think that heart of mine
Would cling to one so false as thine.

But yet with all I love thee still,
I love thee yet, and always will;
E'en though my love you did betray,
I love thee yet, and will alway,
For as the bark clings to the tree,
So clings my wounded heart to thee.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

E are sailing o'er the rough waves of life,
And climbing its rugged slope,
Though we sail not by African seas and shores,
Yet we round the Cape of Good Hope.

The cape that we round is the Savior's love
Reaching to us far out in the river,
And the hope that we pass, is the hope that we have
To reach heaven to dwell forever.

ONLY TO BE A MARY.

 ONLY to be a Mary,
 To sit at the feet of my Lord,
 And hear the blessed teachings
 From Christ, the "Living Word."

Only to be a Mary,
 To entertain my Lord,
 And hear the words fall from the lips
 Of Christ, the Son of God.

Only to be a Mary,
 To be honored by such a guest
 As the One who died on Calvary,
 To give all eternal rest.

Only to be a Mary,
 To be met by the risen Lord,
 And hear my name so sweetly called
 By the crucified Son of God.

TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY.

 LL were round his bed-side, crying,
 But I, a child of ten,
 Was watching my poor father die,
 But I didn't know it then.
 I saw his face was growing pale,
 And that he seemed to gasp,
 But never thought the gloom of death
 On that dear one was cast.

I didn't know that it was death
 That caused his eyes to glare,
 Till I asked my mother, "Is he dead?"
 Who still was weeping there.
 She answered, "Yes"—my heart then sank,
 My God! what had I done?
 I'd witnessed death without a tear—
 The death of that dear one.

My cheeks were then no longer dry,
 My heart seemed but to break.
 Since I had seen him sleep the sleep
 From which he never wake.
 And now I wish that sleep would soon
 His youngest child o'ertake,
 And angels bear me to his arms,
 And let me there awake.

THE DYING LOVER.

†
 } (S it growing dark, dear Nellie,
 } Or am I only losing sight?
 • O 'tis death, I know, I feel, it—
 Nellie, I must die to-night.

Don't be grieved about me, Nellie;
 Smile, and think that I'll be free
 From the bonds of my affliction—
 Smile, sweet Nell, once more for me.

For I'm sure I'd ne'er be happy,
 Even in my home above,
 If, when I this world am leaving,
 Should a gloom see on my love.

Lay your arms around me, Nellie;
 Hold my fevered hands more tight,
 For my grasp is growing weaker—
 Nellie, I must die to-night.

We have been good friends, dear Nellie—
 Friends through all those weary years:
 We have shared each other's sorrows,
 And have dried each other's tears.

But now a few more moments, darling,
 And I'll be far, far from you;
 But I'll look with longings, Nellie,
 Till you come to heaven, too.

ONLY FOR THIS.

SONG.

ONLY to look in thy handsome eyes,
Fairer to me than the azure skies;
Dearer to me than a world of gold:
Sweet to me as your pledge of old.

CHORUS.

Only for this, only for this,
Only for this, darling, only for this:
Only to look in thy handsome eyes—
'Tis this only, darling, for which my heart sighs—
Only for this, only for this.

Only to look on thy handsome face,
Which is charmed with only heaven's grace;
Grief would then be unknown to me,
My heart from its bondage would then be free.

Only to clasp thy hand in mine,
And round thy neck my arms entwine,
Just as I did in days gone by—
'Tis this only, darling, for which I sigh

Only to clasp thy form again,
To relieve my heart of its burning pain;
To lean my head on thy breast so dear;
'Twould calm each sorrow and dry each tear.

Only to hear thy low, sweet voice,
'Twould make my aching heart rejoice;
From grief 'twould be a sweet retreat,
Only to hear thy voice so sweet.

JUSTICE AS PLAINTIFF.

A YOUTH who'd been taking of the wine cup bright,
Was mounting his horse, when it jumped as with fright,
Then on the ground in a mangled heap
The rider lay in a drunken sleep;
In a sleep from which he 'd never wake,
For by his falling his neck did break.

Then Justice, who weighs with an equal scale,
Says I'll go to Judge Doright with this sorrowful tale,
And ask of him if King Alcohol
And his neighbor, Liquors, one and all,
Can be tried by the law for this fatal fall.

The judge sat in his easy chair
When enters Justice in despair
At the horrid sight that his eyes had seen,
The death of a youth who was just eighteen.

He takes the chair that was offered to him,
His sense of vision then growing dim,
And in broken statements his story did tell.
While his heart with anguish did seem to swell.

The judge his law books laid aside,
And gazed on Justice with eyes open wide,
It seemed to him that his reason had fled,
As he looked o'er his glasses and slowly said:

You hasten now to Squire Right
And a warrant swear out e'er comes the night,
Then give the warrant to Constable True,
For as I understand, he's a neighbor to you.

And be sure that he gets the liquors, all,
Especially the tyrant King Alcohol,
Then to-morrow, at nine, the doors open will be,
And we'll have them arranged before the Court, as you'll see.

Then Justice goes to Squire Right,
And finds him in front of his fire so bright,
The warrant procures, then hastens for True,
When he greets him with here, I've a warrant for you.

True takes the paper and knows his doom,
Then hastens he to the gilded bar-room,
Where he finds the associates of King Alcohol,
And makes the arrest of each and all.

Then when dawns the morning, Sheriff Love,
With deputy Meek, who's as meek as a dove,
Marched into Court the liquors all,
Even the much despised King Alcohol;
Where lo, there lay that all night view,
The boy who'd been murdered by this fiendish crew.

Then one by one, at the Court's command,
The defendants go on the witness stand:
Hard Cider, the first, though dull his eye,
Is placed on the stand to testify.

And cried, I'm guilty! yes, guilty, I plead,
For I opened the way to this horrid deed;
I taught him first to take a little,
Then he, ah, soon began to tipple,
And soon I could not quench the thirst,
That burned within his boyish breast.

Then Wine, who with a sparkling eye,
Was called on next to testify,
And said as he looked just o'er the way,

Where the mangled corpse of his victim lay:
Poor boy, when first I saw thy face,
Thy countenance wore a brighter grace.
When first I, with my sparkling tint
Enticed thee just to take a drink,
O! different would thy fate have been,
If you that glass had never seen.

Then Beer said, must I look upon
The face from which all life is gone,
Is it really so that I now behold
The face of him in death so cold,
That I enticed with my foaming cup,
To drink that his spirits might brighten up?
But if those cold hands had never pressed
The glass, whose contents filled thy breast
With grief, as well as those bereft
For thee, it had been better far,
If you 'd never tiddled at the bar.

They all plead guilty, save Alcohol,
The guiltiest demon of them all,
For when the Attorney said, please relate
The story of him in this sad state,
If you know how it happend, please tell us now,
And at this King Alcohol's head did bow,
As he said, with camphor-gum he did me use,
Thus I, this boy did ne'er abuse,
For as medicine only he did use me,
So let me from his death be free.

Attorney Temperance then arose,
His spectacles placed upon his nose,
And looking round he plainly said,
His eyes then fixed upon the dead—
This case seems very clear to me,
That Judge and Jury must agree,

That this is murder in the first degree.
You've heard the testimony all,
And notice that of Alcohol,
While others come and guilty plead,
He tries to hide his bloody deed;
Remember how his eyes grew dim
When you put the question unto him,
Do you know aught of this young man?
How vaguely did his eyes then scan:
He scanned us each—yes, one and all—
Thus *did* the purged Alcohol.

Intemperence rose then, blushed and said:
Why parley thus about the dead?
Remember those liquors have saved the lives
Of many who've lived, and who still survive.

He would have gone on and said much more,
But was stopped by Temperance with—I have the floor!
You want your toddy, 'tis plain to see,
But, I'm proud to say, no toddy for me!
Yes, I'm proud to say that I'll taste none,
For the sooner it's banished the sooner crime will be done.

The trial was ended, the verdict read:
They were all found guilty, as some had plead.
And when the 'morrow came, which was election day,
The temperance women turned out to pray;
And their fathers, husbands, lovers, and all,
Voted against King Alcohol,
And the news of the glorious victory flies
O'er the town with a glad surprise.
And the authoress, now, to all voters will say,
That when comes again our election day,
“Go ye and do likewise.”

THE STOLEN RETREAT.

A MAIDEN bowed with grief, one day
Stole secretly from home away,
To thus relieve her weary heart,
That grief from her might then depart,
Which grief was bitter-sweet.

Her shingled head of jetted hair,
Shone sweetly in the Autumn air,
As o'er the fields she quickly ran,
And in her haste she tried to plan
A way to flee from bitter-sweet.

She looked for grapes, and nuts of brown,
And ran o'er hills both up and down,
And thought, ah, cruel grief, thou art,
That thou wilt not from me depart,
Thou cruel bitter-sweet.

O cruel, cruel bitter-sweet,
To tangle thus my weary feet,
And feed upon my heart like rust,
And crush it so I scarce can trust
The Christ, who once knew bitter-sweet.

She found her trouble with her staid,
And on her heart the burden swayed,
Then asked the Christ, who once possessed
This bitter-sweet within His breast,
That He remove her bitter-sweet.

Then childhood never seemed more sweet
Than this, though stolen sweet retreat,
When Christ made answer to her prayer,
And took her bitter-sweet to bear,
Yes, all her bitter-sweet.

THE MOON'S STORY TO THE SUN.

THE moon told the sun
Of a deed that was done,
Beneath her gleamings one night,
And the sun sighed and said,
He was glad he was hid
From the horrors of such a sight.

Then the moon sighed and said,
She must go, and she sped
Quick as lightning across the blue skies,
And the sun left alone,
Then said with a groan,
As sorrowfully he dried his eyes.

I'm glad 'twas my lot
That sight to see not,
And so sweetly I was taking my rest,
Till the moon told the tale
With such a sad wale,
That it planted a thorn in my breast.

MY FAVORITE VINE.

BITTER-SWEET.

THE vine is music unto me
And living voices seem to be
Within thy tendrils, bitter-sweet.

O! bitter-sweet, dear bitter-sweet,
You know not how my pulses beat
When I approach thee, bitter-sweet.

I stand and gaze thy beauty on
Until it seems my sorrow 's gone,
When near to thee, dear bitter-sweet.

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

FATHER spare, O spare the man
 That caused these tears of mine to flow,
 Adown the cheeks that once did wear
 A rose tint, now a paler hue,
 Caused by bitterness and woe.

O God, I well remember when,
 At one time on my bended knees
 I prayed, and 'twas for him;
 I prayed that Thou wouldst pass him by
 And let me suffer in his stead;
 But this sad thought then came to me,
 That I, as helpless as I was,
 Would faint too soon beneath Thy blows,
 And then 'twould come his turn at last.

But, Father, spare, O spare the man
 That caused these tears of mine to flow,
 O, let him not in sorrow come
 Down to the grave for that rash act,
 Nor let his heart in anguish burn,
 As mine now burns for him.

E'en though I know that Thou hast said
 "Vengeance is mine," but Father let,
 O, let not Thy wrath burn on him,
 Except him, for if Thou wouldst revenge
 That man, 'twould cause my heart more pain.

So, Father grant, O, grant my prayer,
 A poor, poor broken hearted girl,
 Who humbly begs, as on my knees I fall,
 That Thou wilt pardon him,
 And let *me* suffer his revenge.

THE SOUL'S INQUIRY.

WHAT will my future be,
A blest eternity,
Or end in deep despair,
Down where the sinners wend,
To a hell which hath no end?
O may it not be there.

What then will I do to be
Saved through all eternity,
And know my sins forgiven?
I'll trust in Him who died for me,
To cleanse me from iniquity,
That I might go to heaven.

Then what for others can I do?
Only say Christ died for you,
Believe and yours is peace:
Peace from the Lamb above,
Whose heart is only love,
Which love will never cease.

Then I'll be a missionary,
Tell the heathens not to tarry
From the throne above;
I'll tell them where sweet waters flow,
Cleansing all from sin and woe,
Who will seek His face.

PIG FOR DINNER.

A POOR widow woman who was left with a child,
And toiled early and late for her living,
Could always find plenty, for others, to do,
But little to her was their giving.

Thus early and late she toiled for her own,
And every day seemed to grow thinner,
And now the small pittance she had in her house
Would not buy enough for their dinner.

She fell on her knees and earnestly prayed:
O God, I know I'm a sinner!
But for the sake of my child send something to eat,
If it's only enough for our dinner.

Just then an acquaintance chanced to be passing along,
By trade the man was a tinner,
And he said, come little girl and I'll give you some meat,
See, here's a nice ham for your dinner.

Then all of the neighbors who lived on the block
Wished vengeance upon the poor tinner,
Because of the oft repeated cries of the child:
We're going to have pig for dinner.

Her mother then whipped her, and told her to hush,
And said if she didn't she skin her,
But the harder she whipped her, the louder she squalled:
We're going to have pig for dinner.

'Tis now ten long years since the narrative told,
Took place between the child and the tinner,
And rumor now has it, they'll marry this fall,
And I guess they'll have pig for dinner.

MY OWN DEAR NELL.

OWN by the river, Nell,
Is where I love to dwell,
If there I am with thee;
There's where I mean to live,
If thou thy heart will give
To me, dear Nell.

Down by the rocky wall,
Where stands the poplars tall,
Is where I saw thee first;
There's where I mean to live,
If thou thy heart will give
To me, dear Nell.

Down by the shady brook,
Where winds with many a crook,
Yon silver stream;
There's where my heart is free,
If there I am with thee,
My own dear Nell.

There I will make for thee
A home most handsomely,
Wreathed with vines and buds;
And o'er the entrance there,
I'll wreath with garlands fair
These words, for my dear Nell.

THE HALF EATEN MEAL.

IT WAS very little supper that Miss — ate.
Yes, scarcely a thing would she take on her plate,
While I noticed her nervous at every sound,
And I thought Mr. — must be coming around.

Yes, I remember he was, for he'd given me a note.
And the love that was in it I never can quote,
For I thought when he gave it, 'twas heavy to hold.
While to me did the writer seem terribly bold.

For before all his girls he gave it to me,
His countenance then beaming, his heart full of glee,
And bowing so manly, "give this to —" he said,
While I bowed, as in answer, then from him I fled.

We went to the office and sat with her awhile,
When I said: "I've a note," which created a smile,
Or rather did broaden the smile on her face,
While smile after smile, did each other then chase.

Then we were showed through the foundry, I bearing the note,
A burden of love that I never can quote,
When on passing the scales, we then were all weighed,
Miss — the first, then with me the scales swayed.

She then of my weight did jokingly boast,
When with bearing the note of course I'd weigh most,
But to come back to my subject, the half eaten meal,
Poor Miss — I know she did terribly feel.

But at last on the porch a step that she knew,
When then to the door she hastily flew;
"Good evening, Miss —" the visitor said,
"Good evening, Mr. —" she said, as she led

Her caller to where the most easy chair sat,
Then quietly taking his coat and his hat,
Then I was called in and the hero did scan—
My subjects, did you ask? 'Twas a girl and a man.

BELVIE, HER OWN AVENGER.

WHOA! and the Colonel alights from his seat,
While Belvie hastens her lover to greet,
When her waist is encircled in the strong arms of
him

Who has come to beg off with a fanciful whim.

He said, as he drew her form to him again,
Dear Belvie, to wed thee to-day is in vain,
For your lover must yet face the enemy's gun,
Which battle takes place ere sets yonder sun.

The enemy's division have increased so their rank,
That our brigade from its batteries shrank,
When, on leaving the field the brave Gen. Land,
Was shot through the head, and I placed in command.

Then I saddled my war horse, and spurred, e'en though he
flew,

That I the sad news might break gently to you;
To talk of our union to-day is in vain,
So you'll have to await my coming again.

I'm sorry, ah, yes! 'tis sorrow you see
To leave one so dear, O why should this be;
But kiss me my darling, bid your lover adieu,
I'll come, yes again love, and then I'll wed you;
I'll wed thee the next time, let what like intervene,
I'll wed thee, and deem thee my own little queen.

The beautiful girl who now stands by his side,
Arrayed in her beauty, bedecked as a bride,
Is leaning upon him with a sad look of pain,
While the tears from her lashes are falling like rain.

O, Colonel Atwood, that story is old,
I've heard it before, yes, twice it's been told;
And you said that at this time indeed you'd be true.
And now you are wanting to bid me adieu.

O, treacherous man who has proven untrue,
To the heart that has ever beat warmly for you,
To the heart that did trust thee, e'en against the dear will
Of her who now sleeps in death's silence so still.

Now Belvie, my dearest, I came, for I knew
That did I not come I would sorrow for you;
For well I remember how pained you looked when
I told you my country had need of me then.

It has need of me still, my story 's the same,
To resign my commission to me would be shame,
And to wed a fair bride and leave her behind,
Is more than Colonel Atwood in his heart can now find.

Then she reached, as he thought, his form to embrace,
When his glittering sword she drew from its place
And cried in wild anguish, I'll get even with thee;
I'll avenge now myself, though too late it may be,
But to disgrace should I come, I've now learned by you
That man and his promise will never prove true.

He looked on the girl as defiant she stood
Like a tigress longing to prey on his blood,
Like a miserly Monarch who battled his hoard,
Now stand by your promise or die by the sword.

Ah me, pretty maid remember my vow,
I've promised to marry, but cannot just now.
You've promised, ah yes! but your promise was vain,
For you've broken your promise thrice over again.

But remember, my dear, I'm a military man,
And must hasten to battle as fast as I can,
So here is my sheath, replace now my sword,
Lest on entering the battle your lover be gored.

Yet dauntless she stood in defiance of him,
Her face wearing the aspect of death's vision so grim,
There's a battle for you that's much nearer at hand,
For you'll die by your sword in your own native land.

So saying, she thrust the bright sword like a dart,
While its glittering point found access to his heart;
And strove as though wishing to drive to its hilt,
While the blood of her victim at her feet was now spilt.

She fell on her knees, and in his red gore
She wrote with her finger her name o'er and o'er,
Her last message to him in his blood wrote she, too,
Your name and your promise now perish with you.

LITTLE EDNA.

 LITTER, clatter, hear the patter
Of the tiny little feet,
Mamma darling, hear the calling
Of your little girl so sweet;
She is coming, sweetly humming,
As a little honey bee,
Sweetest flower of the bower,
Mamma kiss her once for me.
But, my Edna, mamma said she
Was sometimes like naughty birds,
For she'd chat and spat at mamma,
Saying awful naughty words—
But said one day that she'd obey
Whatever mamma said,
If she was dressed up in her best,
And then was called Miss Ed.
So soon the queen in silk was seen,
And loaded down with roses,
But when ma called, she only squalled,
And answered: O, dear Moses!
She was only six, but then she'd fix
As fine as wealth could make her,
And always said she'd never wed
Till a chance would overtake her.

THE UNGRATEFUL DAUGHTER.

N aged man sat by the bed
Where lay his sleeping wife,
Who, with a paralytic stroke
Was an invalid for life.

The aged husband sat reading there
When his daughter hastened in,
With two small bundles in kerchiefs tied
And thus she did begin:

Look here, old man, John said for me,
Well I almost hate to say,
But I do think when folks get old
They're really in the way.

So you can just now wake her up,
And here's your duds, you see,
And hurry, lest the cart should come
And for you waiting be.

I wrote a note to old Judge Brown,
You know he 's the poormaster, too,
And in reply he said he would
Make room for both of you.

The father wept and sobbed aloud,
I can't tell wife this blow,
When comes the haughty son-in-law
With, now hurry you and go.

The father, who was stooped with years
And from failing strength was weak,
Bent o'er the one he loved so well
Not daring then to speak.

At last he said, dear wife, I have
A message which I know
Will crush thy heart, but they have said.
Dear wife, that we must go.

He stopped, his heart was then too full
An utterance to make,
Then took her withered hand and said
When I this hand did take,
I never dreamed that thy dear heart
In poverty should break.

And never dreamed the poor-house doors
For us would open wide,
When I took upon myself the vows
To protect my charming bride.

You know, dear wife, when I was young
And strong, I toiled, and then
Those dear old hands which once were young
Did aid me, until when

The hand of fate, O! cruel fate
Which seemed against thee then,
Benumbed the form so dear to me
And then O! bitter agony.

For when the doctor said thou hadst
A paralytic stroke,
When from his lips those words did fall
I thought my heart had broke.

Then wife, you know you lay so long
Ere you could speak to me,
To soothe the heart on which there swayed
A load of bitter agony.

And when the doctor said we must
Be quick the bill to pay,
We had to mortgage home so dear
And fatal was the day.

For the payments, wife, we could not meet
So we wandered here and there,
Till our daughter married a man of wealth
And allowed us her home to share.

But now, for reasons which I know not,
She has turned against her own,
For spake she so irreverently
Of her parents so forlorn.

Then I pondered o'er our toil for her
Ere she 'd won her haughty lord,
And had she called me father, then
Her words had seemed less hard.

And had she honored you, my dear,
By saying mother, then
This old gray head and broken heart,
Of three score years and ten,
Would not have felt so sensitive,
The words that crushed them then.

I thought if you could only stay
For thee 'twould better be,
Than have thy dear, though aged form,
To follow after me.

Then he helped her down the marble steps
And set her in the cart,
And bravely tried to face the storm,
Though faint, his poor old heart.

He kissed her and then turned his head
To hide his face, for he
No longer could suppress the grief
From which he wept so bitterly.

The aged mother, bent with years
And feebled with disease,
Broke down in violent sobbings
When her husband's tears she sees.

Then waved her hand and said farewell
To whom I 've given birth,
Then clasped her husband's hand and said
Farewell dear one on earth.

The undertaker now takes charge,
The old man lingers near,
And though she fills a pauper's grave
To him the grave is dear.

The funeral o'er he then does go
Where all the poor are fed,
And as he scans the gloomy walls
He cries, thank God, she's dead!

And ne'er did know this wretchedness,
And ne'er those walls did see.
When this he said he gasped for breath
For his breathing came not free,

O! bury me beside my wife,
He said with his last breath,
For the storms of life could ne'er us part
So part us not in death.

MY FANCY.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

SOMETIMES when I'm lonely sitting
I fancy at heaven's gate,
A form bending over the railing
Is beck'ning me not to wait;
Not to wait for my redemption
Till the harvest ends in death,
When the chords of life are severed
And the victim gasps for breath.

And if there be tears in heaven
She is weeping at my delay,
For I hear her sweet voice calling
Daughter, come, O! come this way;
Then methinks I see her standing
Pointing at the bleeding hands,
That were pierced on Calvary's Mountain
And for my redemption stands.

Mother! gone from earth forever,
Here thy face no more I'll see,
But by the grace of Christ our Savior
Mother, dear, I'll come to thee;
For thy precious name I cherish
Though my heart to grief is driven,
I fancy I'll name it last on earth
And call it first in heaven.

NONE BUT AN AMERICAN BORN.

I'll sing the song to-night dear,
That so often I have sung,
'Tis this, no man can win my heart
Who speaks a foreign tongue.

Let him be a Ruler, King or Count,
It matters not if he
Speaks any foreign tongue, be sure
He'll tarry not with me.

I would not if he wore a crown,
And sat upon a throne;
I would not wed a foreigner,
If I had to live alone.

I'd rather live an old, old maid,
A state I deem forlorn,
Than wed a millionaire if he
Were not an American born.

Some girls might marry just for wealth,
Which I deem very wrong,
But I will plainly say, for me
None but an American born.

THE FIRST WATERFALL.

THE first waterfall on earth ever known
Was the Savior's love from the heavenly throne.
The Savior loved the Father first
And only Him, until there wast
A war begun between mankind
And Satan, who'd his armies lined
Along the human shores.

The Savior looked down from His Father's throne
And saw that man stood all alone,
Without a single weapon to
Annihilate the fiendish crew,
Who sought to destroy his soul.

And His love then reached from His Father on high
Down to mankind who was doomed to die,
Before such an angry host,
And in reaching down from His Father's throne,
To the poor doomed creatures who stood alone.
It flowed so plentifully and free to all
That truly on earth 'twas the first waterfall.

The first waterfall on earth ever known
Was made by the Savior who left His throne,
And came down on earth to die on the cross
That we, through His death, might suffer no loss.
And when on Him our sins were laid,
And on Him only the burden swayed,
It broke the heart of the Savior divine,
But linked with love your heart and mine,
With His on the golden shore above.

And His broken heart reached far and wide
To encircle the ones for whom He'd died,
And reached from earth to heaven above,
From whence had come this river of love,
That flowed with such a peaceful tide
From the wounded body of the Crucified.

MOTHER.

MOTHER, as I stand by thy grave to-night,
Gazing above at the star's silv'ry light,
The lining of heaven, 'twixt you and me,
Hiding the face that I fain would see.

Mother, O why was I born to weep,
Why did this storm o'er my young life sweep,
Why did its bursting all fall upon me,
Leaving me ever unhappy to be?

Mother, dear mother, do I call in vain
For one kind word from thy lips again,
For one faint murmur of a mother's prayer
To soothe this heart that is burdened with care!

Mother, dear mother, my heart is so sad,
Speak, darling mother, that thy child may be glad,
For I have known naught, but to sorrow and weep,
Ever since 'neath the sod you've been lying asleep.

AFTER HIS COMING.

AFTER His coming, no sorrow I'll see,
After His coming, from such I'll be free,
After His coming, this burden I'll lay
At the foot of the cross 'till the great judgment day.

After His coming, O, the glorious sight,
After His coming, O, rapturous delight,
After His coming, no more grief and pain,
Then no more down my cheeks will my tears flow like rain.

After His coming, O, would that we all,
After His coming, be waiting His call,
After His coming, God grant that we may
Be ready to meet Him on that glorious day.

D. W. FOUNTAIN.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE D. W. FOUNTAIN, OF DUQUOIN, ILL.

He has passed the shining portals,
 Entered through the gates of gold,
 Where methinks the dear departed,
 Stops his Savior to behold.

As He stands with hands uplifted
 Pierced and flesh torn as they are,
 While He greets the heaven-bound traveler
 With, enter ye, the gate's ajar.

Pity we the friends who gather
 Round to take a last farewell,
 None but those who like have suffered
 Can their bitter anguish tell.

None but they know of the sorrow,
 Which in clouds do o'er them sweep,
 When the lid is closed forever
 Where D. W. Fountain lies asleep.

When the last fond look is taken,
 His dear corpse is borne away,
 To the grave where 'neath its soddings
 He will wait the Judgment Day.

Round his grave-side tread ye lightly,
 Lightly tread 'tis sacred ground,
 For lies here a darling husband,
 Son and brother 'neath this mound.

REFERRING TO THE ABOVE.

Now the author, though a stranger,
 Though a stranger, yet a friend,
 To those friends who mourn in sorrow
 She her sympathy would lend.

For she, too, has sipped of sorrow,
 Passed its dregs, her lips between,
 Bitter dregs which naught could sweeten,
 Save our Lord, and for Him gleam.

A PRESENT.

(AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.) ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER PHEBE.

BOOK for thee, in which to write
 The name of every friend,
 And in the list may mine be found
 E'en though it forms the end.

For judging, from experience,
 I think the ones loved best,
 Would head the column of the list
 And following be the rest.

And sister, this I fondly ask,
 That you this book will cherish ever,
 And that thy heart may ever burn
 With tender love for Jess, the giver.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL RIVER LIFE.

THERE'S a river that washes the human shores,
 A river both deep and wide;
 It carries the acts of the world to God,
 And what are the acts of our lives on its tide?

It takes its rise at our infant steps
 And flows in the direction above,
 And empties into the sea of God,
 At the foot of the mountain of love.

It exports our actions to the port of God,
 Whether they be right or wrong;
 It carries them all, no matter what kind,
 And what acts of our lives does it bear along?

THE UNFORTUNATE BORN.

HE was faithless to me, so I swore
The child which a year ago I bore
To him, whom I had loved so long,
Ne'er thinking that he' do me wrong.

I swore, yes, in my heart I said
I'd make for his a watery bed,
The child which he would not maintain
Should never cross his path again.

I stood upon the river's bank
And from the horrid deed I shrank,
Then gazed upon him as he lay
So peaceful in my arms that day.

But evil did me tempt again,
I closed my eyes against the sin,
When in the waters, leaping wild,
I threw, O God! my sleeping child.

Who woke with such a sudden start,
And cried, as with a broken heart,
Then raised his hands, a struggle made,
And cried, O tetch me, I's so faind.

His cries did pierce my heart within,
I felt and knew my awful sin,
I grasped, but grasping was in vain :
Then how my heart was racked with pain,
And worlds, had I possessed them then,
I'd have given to have him back again.

I watched the waters play in glee
O'er the form of one so dear to me.
And thought, O God, could I recall
The moment ere I let him fall,
Could I his face but see again
To satisfy my burning pain!

I watched the waves as they seemed to be
Singing a song of grief to me,
Then sighed and said, do I watch in vain,
When I caught a glimpse of my child again.

His darling head rose on the wave
And then a stifling sob he gave,
When once again the head of gold
Was covered 'neath the waters cold.
And as the waves ran swiftly by
I thought again I heard him cry.

I knelt, and for God's pardon pled,
Pardon to me for the murdered dead.
Then left the scene in anguish wild,
The murderess of my infant child.

ON THAT NIGHT IN JUNE.

NE night when the roses were blushing in June,
And the dew drops had moistened their sealed up buds,
There sat on a log, a lover, not two,
For the other was a traitor with a heart untrue,
To the girl he sat by, on that night in June.

On that beautiful night when the roses had drooped,
And the dew drops had moistened their sealed up buds,
It was then at that time, that the moon beams shone
Upon a couple that were sitting alone,
Together on a log, on that night in June.

On that beautiful night when the roses were bathed
With the silv'ry dew drops which glistened on them,
It was then at that time that the traitor began,
Down in his dark secret bosom to plan
A way to betray, on that night in June.

On that beautiful night when the roses had blushed,
'Neath the silv'ry dew drops which glistened on them,
It was then at that time he sought out his plan,
And betrayed the girl e'en while her cries ran
Through his ears as he betrayed her, on that night in June.

THE DARKEY LOVER.

SONG.

H! my deah you'll lub me yet,
 You may stop yo' snarling,
 Fo' within a few mo' years
 You will call me darling;
 For remember de maxim ole and true,
 "It's a mighty long lane what has no turn,"
 And soon you'll see, dat you'll lub me
 And den my lub will be far from dee.

Ah! 'tis just a year dat now has passed
 Since my lub you did refuse,
 And now you say dat I'm dee man
 Ob all de world you choose.
 But remember de maxim ole and true
 "It's a mighty long lane what has no turn,"
 Once I lubed dee and you spurned me,
 And now you lub and I spurn dee.

You say you're sorry, but I am not
 'Case I lub another,
 I lub her better dan I do mysef,
 Yes, better dan my mudder.
 So remember de maxim ole and true
 "It's a mighty long lane what has no turn,"
 For now you see that I am free
 From de petty lub dat I had fo dee.

I'll gib you advice, though you ask it not,
 Which may prove a blessing to dee,
 When a fellow makes lub to you again
 Don't snarl like you did at me,
 But remember de maxim ole and true,
 "It's a mighty long lane what has no turn."
 So don't you scowls and at him growl,
 And hoot at him like an ole night owl.

ANOTHER RIVER TO CROSS.

NOTHER river we have to cross,
A river both deep and wide,
A river where many souls have been,
Lost on its surging tide.
They looked not to the boatman,
They spurned His dying love,
They're perishing now, but they might have gone
To the "Great White Throne" above.

Another river to cross, another river to cross,
We'll look at the Lamb, then His bleeding palm
When we come to the river to cross.

Another river we have to cross,
To its banks we're drawing near,
A body of souls are marching to it
And perhaps we're beyond the rear,
But we need not fear to cross it,
We can rest on its troubled wave,
If we only look to the boatman
Who is ever ready to save.

Another river to cross, another river to cross,
We'll kneel at the cross and suffer no loss
When we come to the river to cross.

Another river we have to cross
Which will end our every strife,
The river of death we first pass through
And then comes the river of life.
We'll have no fear when we reach its tide,
Our souls will then be at rest,
Our cares being ended how sweet it will be
To be clasped to the Savior's breast.

Another river to cross, another river to cross,
We'll bridge it with love for the Savior above
When we come to the river to cross.

YE SOFT SIGHING WINDS.

SONG.

 YE soft sighing winds, bear this message far away
To the place in Pennsylvania, where my idol doth
stay,
Tell him that although he wronged me, yet my love is still
afflame,
And for him 'twill ever, ever be the same.

CHORUS.

O, ye soft sighing winds, bear this message far away,
To the place in Pennsylvania where my idol doth stay,
To the place in Pennsylvania where my idol doth stay,
O, ye soft sighing winds bear it there.

Just the same as on the evening when he stole my heart
away,
When he took me by the arm, at the closing of the day,
And we walked alone together, while the twilight faintly
shone
On our paths while we were walking all alone.

O, the joys that filled my bosom, as I walked beside him
then,
'Neath the silv'ry gleamings of the distant moon;
Yes my heart was filled with gladness, O, so full I never
dreamed,
Of the grief which in my bosom would be soon.

But at last he did persuade me, just to sit a moment
down
On a clump of logs and bushes which were scattered on the
ground,
And I sat me down beside him never thinking danger nigh,
Never thinking that I'd rue it till I'd die.

THE ANIVERSARY OF A MAIDENS GRIEF.

IS just a year ago, Edward,
Just a year ago to-night.
Since you and I were walking
'Neath the silv'ry moon beams bright,
And the paths in which we entered,
Seemed to me still brighter far
Than the moon in all her glory.
Or the brightest evening star.

For I, too, was in my glory,
And my life seemed bright because
Of the words which then you uttered,
Words of love, O, Edward Gause;
Can it be that you were treacherous,
Treacherous with the heart that loved,
With a love which naught could sever
Or from you could e'er be moved.

You may spurn me, yet 'twill linger
Cleave as to its God above,
And I'll be as was the patriot,
"Though you slay me" yet I'll love;
You have wronged me, Edward, wronged me,
But of such you've been forgiven,
By the one who'll truly love you
Last on earth and first in heaven.

Just a year ago, ah! Edward,
Does it seem so long to you?
Since those words of love were spoken
Which has since proved so untrue:
I have grown older, Edward,
Older than I was last year,
When my happiness you ruined
Making all my life so drear.

That I scarcely care not whether
Life or death the struggle wins;
For to me my life is nothing,
Since your married life begins
With another; ah! not Vesta,
She who loved you even when
You'd have robbed her of her virtue,
Leaving in its stead a stain.

None could drive the fevered anguish
From my aching heart and brow,
When I heard that you were married—
God! my idol married now?
Was it true, or only told me
Just to make my bosom quake?
Ah! too true, and such desertion
Caused my very heart to break.

Oft they tell me to dismiss you—
Spurn the very thoughts of you;
But, O, Edward, I can never
Prove myself to you untrue.
You may spurn, but I can never,
You may scorn, but in its stead
I will love, thee, Edward, love thee,
'Till I'm numbered with the dead.

And when with the dead I'm numbered.
When my body's turned to clay
And my soul to God has risen,
There to wait the Judgment Day;
Still, e'en then, I'll not forget you,
At the portals there I'll wait
Till I see you, Edward, coming,
Coming to the golden gate.

Then I'll run to meet you, Edward,
Lean my head upon your breast,
Where twelve months ago I leaned it,
Hoping that I might find rest;
For, methinks, the joys of Heaven
Incomplete would be without
Thy dear presence, Edward, darling,
And thy handsome form about.

O, how sad you've made me, Edward,
By proving false, instead of true;
But remember, "as you measure,
It shall be measured unto you,"
And, "in your own coin," God will pay you,
For that very wrong you'll weep,
For the Bible plainly tells us—
"As you sow, so shall you reap."

A MAIDEN'S SORROW.

FATHER and mother, as I kneel at your heads,
And stretch my arms o'er your lowly beds,
Listen, dear parents, while my story, I tell
Of one that I loved, I loved so well.

But the man that I loved proved a traitor to be,
Yes, a traitor, dear parents, a traitor to me;
For he was cruel, so cruel to thy youngest one,
Leaving her weeping for the treachery done.

Mother; dear mother, you're a woman, I know,
As is thy poor daughter, who is weeping below,
But, with no disrespect to thee. I must say
That woman is my bitterest enemy to-day.

'Tis true that 'twas man who first planted the thorn,
But woman its roots soon buried them down
So deep in my heart that the wound they have riven
Knoweth no balm on this side of heaven.

O! father, if only 'twere possible for thee
To know how cruel he was unto me:
If 'twere possible for thee to again live on earth,
'Twere better by far that he'd died at his birth,
Than to meet with the one in whom vengeance would be.
Whose vengeance would wreak on his victim for me,
Whose heart's blood would curdle e'en at the sight
Of him who had cast o'er my young life a blight.

But father and mother, this man yet I love,
E'en though he was cruel; do you hear from above?
I'll speak to thee louder, then please answer me,
That my heart from its anguish may know itself free.

Ah! methinks that I hear thee, though the murmur is low.
Is it thee, darling mother? if it is, then I'll go.
But a moment, dear mother, for thy child is in tears;
She is bitterly weeping, though few are her years;
But, mother, please answer this question for me,
Will my tears always flow, or will his heart turn to me?

O, mother! will I always be sad as to-day,
Will these gathering clouds always darken my way,
And these storm-clouds of sorrow now bursting o'erhead,
Will they never be calmed, not at all till I'm dead?

For at times when I grieve o'er this lost love of mine,
I've a feeling of gladness, e'en though I repine,
And it seems to me then, that the Saviour who died,
Gives promise, my love shall be yet satisfied.

OUR MORTGAGED HOME.

ADDRESSED TO SISTER PHEBE.

UR home has been mortgaged, O! sister, dear,
The final foreclosure was made this year;
The home where we've played in our childish glee
Has this year been taken from you and me.

The orchard, the meadow, where so oft we have played,
Gathering wild flowers, then would rest 'neath the shade
Of the trees which our parents had planted with care,
Ne'er thinking that strangers their fruits would e'er share.

I think of those plays with a sickened brain,
To think they are gone, that never again
We can visit those lov'd places with as little care
As we did when we played in our childhood there.

To-night I am thinking of the meadows so green,
Where so oft as young shepherdesses we have been seen
Herding the sheep which our father did own
Before to the grave his body was borne.

O! those past days of herding, my heart would reclaim,
When we knew each sheep, and called each by name.
"Tiger Mulvin" was one, "James Buchanan" was two;
I must smile at their names through my tears thick as dew.
But most of their names, like our childhood fun,
Have vanished forever, ne'er to return.

You know father's grave marks a spot near by
To the dear old meadow, where so oft you and I
Have stripped the red-top of its precious grain,
Then carelessly sowing the seed again.

And now, just beside him does our dear mother lay,
There to sleep 'neath the sod till that blest coming day,
The Judgment Day, Phebe, when we'll sorrow no more,
But be with our loved ones on that peaceful shore.

I feel like going to the graves where they rest,
And telling to them of this grief in my breast.
Methinks could I place my lips near their own,
And whisper my story, my grief would be gone,
For I think there would come from a distant shore
The echo of voices, saying, weep no more.

But now, sister Phebe, I bitterly weep
When such storm-clouds of sorrow do o'er us sweep,
To think that of home once so dear we're bereft,
Then what is the wonder that grief fills my breast?

For this home, darling sister, is ours no more;
We must seek for another, though through a strange door,
While strangers will live in this home once our own,
But where now we must be like the birds who have flown.

For you know when the nest is torn up that they fly
From the home taken from them, as must you and I;
For the nest, as it were, from us has been torn,
Leaving us homeless, yes, sadly forlorn.

Though strangers have robbed us of our home once so dear,
Let our hearts not be crushed, though we shed many a tear;
For thanks be to God, we've a home in Heaven,
Where strangers can't take, nor mortgages be given.

WINE DID IT ALL.

IN a quaint, but handsome cottage,
Sat a lady old and frail,
Heeding not the church bell's ringing,
As it told its dreadful tale,
Ah! that old heart never dreaming
That it tolled the funeral knell
Of her son, whom she expected,
Home that day with her to dwell.
Dwell with her while life would last her;
This he said when last he wrote,
And with joy she read his letter,
And his words she oft did quote.
Sat she dreamily in her fancy,
Thinking Edward will be soon
Home from college to stay with mother,
Yes, my son will come at noon.
Then that dear old Mother Faunson,
Rose, a dinner to prepare,
For her darling who was coming,
When she hears a noise near there.
And she listens! O, it's only
Some one knocking at the door.
First I thought it was my Edward,
But he wouldn't knock, I'm sure.
Then she starts, the door she opens;
Come in, sonny, have a chair;
I was working in the kitchen,
When I heard you knocking, dear.
On she talked with mother prattle,
Seeing not within the hand
Of the boy, a small envelope,
Till he lays it on the stand.

With, Here's a message for you, madam;
Saying, as his head bent low,
It's a telegram, I reckon,
'Cause they said I'd better go

Just as quick as I could make it,
That the news came with the dawn,
But the operator, madam,
Had forgotten it this morn.

He was called into the country,
To the bed of a sick friend,
And 'twas this that caused him, madam,
To forget the news to send.

Then she grasps the sealed envelope,
Opens. O, this can't be true!
Edward Faunson died this morning.
Funeral services at two.

Then she hastens to the chapel,
Where within its rustic walls,
Lays the corpse of Edward Faunson,
And beside the dead she falls.

And the Chaplain, who was weeping,
Weeping, though so brave and tall,
Knelt him down beside the mourner,
While he said, wine did it all.

Then that horror-stricken mother
Shrieked as though her heart would break,
Shrieked as though she wished the sleeper
From his slumber to awake.

And she said, while tears of anguish
Trickled down her tear-stained face,
Which was traced with many a wrinkle,
Yet in it was beauty's grace:

O, my God! my son! my Edward!
Curse the rum that caused this blow
On the heart of thy aged mother!
Who to her grave in grief must go.

O, this bold and cursed demon!
Killed my brothers every one,
And my father, then my husband,
And at last my only son.

O, my heart was filled with sorrow
When I saw those loved ones fall,
By the hand of this vile poison,
But this 's the saddest death of all.

I had looked with pride upon me,
Thinking that you'd be my stay,
Through my few remaining moments,
And would aside my burdens lay.

Though I know thy form's like marble,
And like ice those lips of thine,
Yet I fain would clasp thee, Edward,
To this feeble breast of mine.

It was I who caused thy sorrow,
I who gave the cup of rum,
To thy son, who first refused it,
But I tauntingly said come,

Drink with me, and to my pleasure.
Edward Faunson took the glass—
Drank, then faintly murmured, ruined;
I'm a ruined man at last.

For I've tasted this bold demon,
This, the cursed fiend of hell,
That has caused my dear old mother
Sorrow that no tongue can tell.

♦

Human heart cannot imagine,
And no tongue can tell the tale,
Of the grief which she has suffered,
Caused by this unfriendly ale.

But I humbly beg your pardon,
For I never thought of him
Being injured by the liquor,
'Till I saw his eyes grow dim;
And his face so pale and ghastly,
That it made my poor heart sink,
When he told me at his bedside,
I am dying from that drink.

The speaker was a fair young lady,
Promised bride of him who lay
Sleeping in the rosewood coffin
At her side on that sad day.

But that poor, heart-broken mother,
To the girl made no reply,
Save in sobs of bitter anguish—
Yes, bitter was that mother's cry.

Then the chaplain from his posture
Raises, and the silver taps unscrews,
While his tears are thickly falling,
Falling thick as morning dews.

And the lid he gently raises,
And aside the pall he lays;
With his eyes to God uplifted,
And in solemn tones he prays:

Blessed Lord, O! gracious Father,
Thou who giveth and who takes;
Heal the wound that Thou hast riven,
Ere the cords of life do break.

Lend Thy tender hand of mercy,
And the burden on her heart
Help her bear, O! Blessed Father,
And to her Thy grace impart.

We who 've mourned, as does our sister,
For our loved ones past and gone,
Join to-day our hearts in pity
For the mother left alone.

As we go to yonder graveyard,
To yon silent grave to fill,
Comfort Thou this aged mother,
And her fears and sorrows still.

Comfort her, O! blessed Savior,
She who sorrows for her son;
Teach her that Thy will is justice,
And to say, "Thy will be done."

Then that poor old Mother Faunson
Totters to the grave, where she
Cries in tones of bitter anguish,
Dead! O, Edward, can it be?

And again she tells her story,
Same as in the chapel old;
But her voice is growing fainter,
And her limbs are growing cold.

And the heart that's borne the burdens
Of the eighty years gone by,
Now grows calmer, as the angels
Beckon to her from on high.

And she sings this sweet old anthem,
Which had been his lullaby,
"He justly claims a song from me;"
And ere the song was ended,
His "loving kindness" was so free.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

MARK! What a noise in the distance I hear;
It brings to me sad news of my Edward, I fear;
Again, and again, the loud cannonade,
Sends a blast over mountain, through valley and glade.

O! sentinel, hear me, take heed to my cry;
Lead me, through the distance, to Edward, for I
Must see and embrace by brave boy again;
Yes, lead me to Edward, e'en though he be slain.

They took from my bosom my Edward, my brave,
Thus making his mother to trouble a slave;
So lead me to Edward, that I may again
Clasp my son to my bosom, e'en though he be slain.

Thus, while she was speaking, the sentinel grew sad,
For he saw that the ambulance was bearing the lad:
The one who this mother was longing again
To clasp to her bosom, in the battle was slain.

When the ambulance passed by the heart-stricken one
She cried, O! I wonder if that is my son!
And the sentinel answered, with tears in his eyes,
Yes, thy son, my dear madam, on the ambulance lies.

Is he wounded? O, tell me! O, tell me! she said.
Not wounded, dear madam, not wounded, but dead,
Was answered by one who was bearing the boy;
Yes, the dear little drummer, who was the company's joy.

Not far from the breastworks was our dear little Ed,
When an enemy's ball passed through his dear head,
And took one from our number which by all will be missed,
Thus saying, he stooped and the drummer boy kissed.

The mother then knelt by her darling son,
And the horrifying shrieks of that heart-stricken one
Was heard o'er the battlefield on that sad, sad day,
That the little drummer boy on the ambulance lay.

And what writer could pen that poor mother's grief,
Or, who from her anguish could give her relief;
There's no one save Jesus, that high, holy One,
That could quiet her sobbings for her only son.

WHEN YOU DID ME BETRAY.

AH, me! if I could turn again
The leaf which thy own hands did stain,
The leaf whose pages glistened bright,
Till soiled by you upon that night,
That you did me betray.

Ah! could I turn its pages o'er,
And tell, upon that blissful shore,
That never such a stain was seen
Upon its pages once so clean.
But no! for my god did betray.

I say my god, for truly thou
Art all that my heart worships now.
And ever since I met with thee
I've loved and worshiped none but thee,
E'en though you did betray.

O tell me! tell me, Edward Gause,
Why you my heart this grief did cause,
When you outraged the one who now
Is weeping still with pallid brow,
Because you did betray.

Although her virtue is the same
As 'twas before you—to your shame,
Betrayed her, even though she cried
In earnest pleading, at thy side,
That you would not betray.

Yet feels she, like her life once bright,
Was blighted by you on that night.
When she in anguish then did cry,
"O, God, I'd rather, rather die!"
But still you did betray.

Ah, tell me darling, tell me why
You made my life a clouded sky,
A sky from which the bright sunbeams
In shining threads of gold ne'er streams
Across my rugged path.

Ah no! the sunbeams never play
Across my dark and dreary way,
Across my path which was so bright,
Till darkened made by you that night,
That you did me betray.

Ah! could I kneel beside the Throne,
And be with Jesus there alone,
I'd tell to Him my burdened care,
And tell Him how you did ensnare
The heart that you betrayed.

I'd ask Him to remove the stain
And tear the crimson leaf intwain,
So that our God might never see
The crimson stain you placed on me,
When you did me betray.

WHEN WE SAT IN THE MOONSHINE, EDWARD.

HEN we sat in the moonshine, Edward,
And the beautiful stars look down,
Peeping through the bright sky above us,
Giving beauty to all around,
I thought in the moonshine, Edward,
That the joys of heaven were few
Compared to the joys of my bosom—
The joy of being with you.

When we sat in the moonshine, Edward,
And the moon's silvery gleam kissed thy face,
Though I knew that its gleaming was lovely,
Yet it added not to thy grace;
For I thought in the moonshine, Edward,
That heaven was not half so fair,
And its angels were not half so lovely
As the one who sat with me there.

When we sat in the moonshine, Edward,
My life seemed a heaven to me,
And my heart then knew not a sorrow,
But was beating so happy and free.
But at last in the moonshine, Edward,
You acted so dreadfully strange
That my heart then stopped its calm beating,
And stood still at the dreadful change.

When we sat in the moonshine, Edward,
My life never seemed half so bright
As it did when I sat by you, Edward.
Before you proved traitor that night;
And I thought in the moonshine, Edward,
While around us the moon beams did glare,
That my love was both strong and tender
For the one who sat with me there.

When we sat in the moonshine, Edward,
At the close of my last happy day,
For the sunbeams of life last shone on me
When you spoke that which was cruel to say;
And I pray I may ne'er again suffer
The anguish I suffered that night,
When you, my heart's cherished idol,
Made heavy the heart that was light.

J. N. SNODGRASS.

In memory of my uncle, J. W. Snodgrass, who was a volunteer in Co. G, 80th Ill. Inf. Regiment, in the late Rebellion, and who died in the hospital while in his country's service.

WITHIN the hospital's gloomy walls
Lay a soldier dying there,
Without a loved one to smooth his couch
Or breathe for him a prayer.

Without a brother, or a sister
From the dear old home he left,
Where his absence seemed a shadow
In that lonely home bereft.

And no sweet mother's hand was there
His aching brow to smooth,
For tell me, was there ever pain
That mother could not soothe?

Waiters smooth his dying pillow,
Breathe for him a solemn prayer,
Tell him that we'll ne'er forget him,
That his home we hope to share.

Tell him that our hearts beat warmly,
Though from him we're far away,
But the distance cannot lessen
Our love in any way.

Bear his soul, ye angels, onward,
Bear it to the golden gate,
Where no storms will ever cross it
In that blest eternal state.

Where no more the noise of battle,
And the canon's whistling moan,
Can disturb the noble soldier
Who in the hospital dies alone.

AT THE SHARPS.

AT the Sharps, the school now closes,
And a train of buggies go
To the home of Nellie Caston,
Where e'en the liquors seemed to grow;
For upon her father's table
There were wines all tints of red,
And around the students gathered
Excepting one, the gallant Ed.

And he said, my dearest Nellie,
As he called her to his side,
I most humbly beg your pardon
But, dear Miss, my father died
From the effects of this vile poison,
In a filthy old grog shop,
And my poor, old darling mother
Begged me ne'er to taste a drop.

And I knelt beside his coffin,
And his bloated face did kiss.
While I made a vow to mother
That I'd never taste of this;
But she held the glass before him
While its contents sparkled bright.
Drink it to my health, dear Edward,
Drink it, please, for me to-night.

Then he looked with horror on her
While his bosom heaved a sigh,
And he said, no, dearest Nellie,
I would rather, rather die;
But she coaxed, enticed, bewitched him,
And he drank, that noble son,
Broke the pledge he'd made his mother
Just to please that foolish one.

Then the demon did bewitch him,
And he drank as did the rest,
For the cravings of his father
Seemed to burn within his breast :
And before the next day's dawning
Had appeared upon the Sharps,
In a room where sat a mourner,
Edward Allen lay a corpse.

'Twas his mother, need I tell you,
Sorrowing that her son had come
To his death, by that bold demon,
Yes, the accursed demon, run;
Which in his face had left its traces,
Adding to his looks ten years,
And at this the gray-haired mother
Bathed her furrowed face in tears.

And the shrieks of that poor mother
Filled the gloomy mid-night air,
Deaf'ning were her sobs of anguish.
While she knelt beside him there :
And her hands, so old and wrinkled,
Smoothed the face so pallid now,
While she, in her bitter anguish,
Bathed in tears the marble brow.

Crying, mother, father, have I buried,
Brothers five and sisters three,
Then a husband and four daughters,
And, O God! it seems to me,
Just as though I am not wanted
In their happy home up there,
But was left to bear this burden
Which I can no longer bear.

Saying this her voice then faltered,
 While her face grew ashy pale,
 Uttering, O my lost! lost Edward,
 Which then proved her last sad wail;
 But to give him all the credit
 That his once brave heart deserved,
 He was sick on that sad evening,
 Long before the wines were served.

PARDON SOUGHT.

I SIMPLY ask this boon of thee
 That thou wilt listen unto me,
 Yes, listen please, and give me time
 To tell, e'en though I tell in rhyme,
 Why I the name of Edward choose,
 Why I this name forever use.

When I was small in childhood's joy
 I loved an Edward, but a boy,
 But I am wiser now than then,
 And proud to say I love not men,
 Excepting those who bear the name
 Of Henry, which would strike a flame.
 Of love e'en in a heart of stone,
 'Then why not strike a flame my own.

So this I simply beg of thee
 That thou, young man, wilt pardon me
 For telling you what I've confessed,
 That I the author loves thee best
 Of all the world, so now I pray
 That thou wilt pardon me. Good-day.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of my little nephew who died in infancy, unnamed.

† **T** WAS a dear little flower that came to stay
At our happy home, on an April day.
He was little and young, but we loved him well;
Yes, loved him with a love that no tongue can tell.

But this darling's visit did not prolong,
For he seemed to long for a heavenly song.
He seemed to long for heaven above,
From whence had come this cherub of love.

And at last our darling that we loved so well,
Died, then our sorrow no tongue can tell.
When the angel of death with his sickle keen
Stood our darling and us between.

And plucked the bud that was blooming there,
Though our voices rose to God in prayer;
Rose on the wings of the angel of love,
Till it reached the golden gate above.

But the answer came back in the silent air,
To our broken hearts in deep despair:
Low and humble did seem the tone
Which said, weep not, thou art not alone.

For I, the Savior, once supped of this,
Ere I entered the realms of endless bliss;
But the babe I must take, and I'll take from thee
Thy burden, too, if you'll give it Me.

I know it is hard, for I've sorrowed, too.
And in knowing thy anguish I feel for you:
But remember, dear ones, I remember it well,
When on Calvary's Mountain on my knees I fell.

And this same cup, which you're drinking now
Caused Me 'neath the chast'ning rod to bow.
Though I prayed as you have, Lord remove the cup,
But I found I must drink it, yes, drink it up.

And I drank, yes, in the Bible you'll find
Where I to the Father My will did resign.
So dry thy tears and weep no more,
For you'll not be long on this side the shore.
Soon the Master, His harvest will garner in,
Then be sure, ah, sure, that you're free from sin.
For if not, thy cup will be worse than now,
When gazing in sorrow on this marble brow.
But adieu; I must welcome the babe that I gave
My life from endless destruction to save.
So "Honor Him to whom honor is due,"
Till I call you to the home prepared for you.

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, life seems but a tempest
Since you left this world below,
And my heart 's still fainter growing
From the pressure of that blow.

Mother, life's paths are hard to travel,
They are steep, and rugged, too,
And my feet grow weary quicker
Than when pattering after you.

Mother, life is nothing to me
Since thy face I see no more,
And I long for death to call me
To thee on that peaceful shore.

Mother, I've no friends worth loving,
This to some may seem untrue,
But I mean there's none like mother,
Though *warm hearted*, none like you.

COUNTY ANTRIM'S SON.

TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY AS HE EMBARKED FOR AMERICA.

O the ship he comes, he enters,
But methinks his thoughts did roam
Where he'd left his widowed mother
In her humble island home.

Then perhaps, a sigh, a shudder,
And the journey is begun,
And across the mighty ocean
Sails County Antrim's fairest son.

And, methinks, that anxious mother,
Long before she fell asleep,
Asked protection for her darling,
Who was sailing o'er the deep.

He has crossed the mighty ocean,
And beyond its glittering foam
Left he there his widowed mother,
Left he there his island home.

Passing by an humble cottage,
O'er its quaint old fence he leans,
Plucks a flower from its garden,
Just then blushing in its teens.

And that fair and youthful maiden,
Blushing then a happy bride,
For she knew she was the winner
Of County Antrim's fairest pride.

Then young Jimmie, ever thoughtful
Of his mother, that dear one—
Put together his hard earnings,
Thus did County Antrim's son,

Sent it far across the ocean,
Sent he there for loved ones, three,
Brought them over to this country,
That their homes might happy be.

'Twas his mother, and two sisters,
 That my father, that dear one,
 Sent for, far across the ocean;
 Thus did County Antrim's son.

Then, when sitting by his fireside,
 'Round his knees his children came,
 He'd sing, "The coows hae gone to the silv'ry wood,
 And they're lang about coomin' hame."

But now he's gone from earth forever,
 Gone to Christ, the crucified;
 And his name we'll cherish ever,
 Pointing to his life with pride.

THE ONLY CHILD.

EAR Ed, when I arose this morning
 And looked in the little bed,
 Where we'd watched o'er the form of our darling
 And thought of his being dead.

I thought the burden would crush me,
 I wept like my heart would break,
 As I knelt me down by the bedside
 And prayed that he might awake.

But it seemed that our loving Savior
 Took the burden from off my heart,
 And said, weep not for thy offspring,
 But arise and do thy part.

And I rose and said, Lord I surrender,
 Thy will is certainly mine,
 Thou gave him to me and now in return
 I give him to Thee to be Thine.

And now, though our home seemeth lonely,
 Yet the sunshine of Christ I enjoy,
 The sunshine which death can't o'ershadow,
 E'en the death of our dear little boy.

THE ANXIOUS BRIDE ELECT.

MELL, May, I'm going to get married.
When Nellie? Tomorrow my dear,
But somehow my heart seems so weary
For my lover 's a drunkard, I fear.

Because, when he last came to see me
He acted so dreadfully strange,
And his face was so flushed and so feverish,
O dear, 'twas a dreadful change.

Yes, a change from the first time I met him,
Which was down at Middleton Hall,
Where we two chanced to be in the set, May,
And dancing to "Lanigan's Ball."

I remember the first time I saw him,
When first I caught his sweet glance,
I had made a misstep to the music
Just at the close of the dance.

And he smiled so sweetly upon me
That my face turned a crimson hue,
When he said, you seemed tangled to-night, Miss,
But my heart 's just as tangled with you.

What! May, did I hear you distinctly,
Don't wed him, is that what you say?
Discard now the one that I cherish,
When to-morrow he has set for the day?

Ah no! I can ne'er disappoint him
Though he to me may prove untrue,
But I love him so well that I'll wed him,
Yes wed him, e'en though I may rue.

For I've loved him too well to now chide him,
He's the joy of my life and 's my pride,
And to-morrow at yonder sun's setting
I will be Young Esterson's bride.

GLIDED BY.

SONG.

 THE days that's glided by,
Childhood's days that's glided by,
Angels tell to my faint heart
Why those days have glided by.

CHORUS.

O, the days that's glided by,
Glided by, glided by,
My faint heart its all would give
For the days that's glided by.

O, the days that's glided by,
Golden days that's glided by,
Angels bear my heart away
To the days that's glided by.

O the days that's glided by,
Blessed days that's glided by,
Angels bring them back to me
Happy days that's glided by.

O, the days that's glided by,
Happy days that's glided by,
Angels bring them back again,
Bring the days that's glided by.

A MAIDEN'S ADDRESS TO HER LOVER.

A USTRALIA'S mines did I possess
I'd give could I thy form caress,
Just as I did in days since flown
When I lived for thee and thee alone.

Dear Fred, for thee my heart still yearns,
For thee this passionate love still burns,
For thee, and only thee, I live
And to thee only my heart I'd give.

Yes, lovingly I call thee dear,
Who to my heart is ever near,
Though you another seem to choose
Because my love you do refuse.

In not accepting the willing hand
That is ever ready at thy command,
To join thine own in wedded life,
To forever be thy devoted wife.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

PLEASE, mister, will you give me a penny?
I've had nothing since yesterday's morn,
And to-morrow, they tell me, is Christmas,
The day on which Jesus was born.

The day on which all should be happy,
So mamma did tell me before
She went to live with dear Jesus,
In His home on the heavenly shore.

And now I'm without even a penny,
Because my poor mamma had none;
But said she'd a rich Father in heaven,
And that Jesus Christ was His son.

And that Jesus would always befriend me,
And care for me when she was dead,
Then some day He'd take me to heaven,
Where I'd never be hungry for bread.

This same blessed Jesus, dear mister,
Who was born years ago in a stall,
And all the wise men, and the rulers, did go
To see Him, who was Lord of them all.

You ask why I've not gotten a penny,
Which fills my poor heart e'en with gall;
For I'm too little to earn my own living,
And my poor papa's wages are small.

But that isn't the worst of it, mister:
He spends for drink all he can make.
And that is the reason that mamma's
Poor heart did in poverty break.

Who is Jesus? Is that what you're asking?
Why, He's the dear One who died on the cross
That all, including you and me, mister,
Through His death might suffer no loss.

Last Sabbath I went to yon church there;

I was poor, but still I went in,

And the rich all seemed to gaze at me,

Just as though they thought it a sin

To be dressed in their fine church as I was.

Well, I was poorly clad, but within

I was clad with the grace of my Savior,

And was happy as though I had been

Dressed in the finest of satins.

And when a hymn was pronounced, then I sang—

I sang just as loudly as any;

Yes, I tell you, my little voice rang.

And I tell you it did me good, mister,

To sing praise to dear Jesus, for He

Loves little children; for He said while on earth

“Suffer little children to come unto me.”

And I’ve come, and I’ll stay, and I’ll trust Him,

Even though my lot seemeth hard;

But I’ll toil on and not murmur at it,

Yes, toil till I reach my dear Lord.

But a part of the sermon, dear mister,

To which I’ll refer to just now,

Caused my heart for a moment to flutter,

While a cloud o’ershadowed my brow.

’Twas this: The preacher said in his sermon,

Which for a moment made my heart beat so wild,

That a drunkard could not enter heaven;

Then I thought, well, what of their child?

Are their children, too, barred out of heaven,

And cast in the lake below,

That burns with fire and brimstone,

Where they say all the poor drunkards go?

Then I thought, well I am no drunkard,

For I never have tasted of rum;

But papa has—poor papa

Is always drunk when he comes home.

And I prayed that God would forgive him,
And help him refrain from the wrong,
That he might go to Jesus in heaven,
And sing there a heavenly song.

And quiet then filled my young bosom;
'Twas as calm as the breast of the sea
When Christ spake to the angry waters,
And bade them quiet to be.

I've told you a true story, mister,
So please give me a penny, I pray;
What! go with you to your home, did you say, sir,
Forever at your home to stay!

O! thanks to my blessed Father,
And to Jesus, His Holy Son,
Who put in your heart, my dear mister,
To do the blessing to me that you've done.

You weeping? Why are you, dear mister?
You weeping, when I am in glee;
O! you ask if my blessed Savior
Would take pity on one like thee.

Why, yes; for He says in the Bible,
"If any man will open the door,
I will come in and sip with him and he with me."
So now, my dear mister, what more

Could you ask of that blessed Redeemer,
Who is longing to make you free
From the sin of this world, if you'll open the door,
He will come in and sip with thee.

Her words caused a change in the infidel's heart,
Who took her his home to share;
So you see, if we're faithful to God, we'll do good
By the cross that He gives us to bear.

THE FLOWER TAKEN.

IN MEMORY OF MY LITTLE NEPHEW WHO DIED IN INFANCY UNNAMED.

↑
THERE'S a vacant place in heaven,
There's a flower needed there,
And the angel of death looks down on earth
And seeth a rosebud fair.

He thinks as he stays his sickle,
For a moment as he enters the room,
'Tis a sweet little treasure that I have found.
I'll pluck it ere it shall bloom.

For who e'er saw a blooming rose,
But trouble, a thorn was nigh,
So this bud I'll take, that it may bloom
Far up above the sky.

So mamma, do not weep for him,
I've only kissed his breath away,
That I might bear him to the Lamb,
To rest until the Judgment Day.

Where he shall never know the trials,
That living mortals here must bear,
So I to Christ do take thy babe,
To draw you and his papa there.

. FIXING HIS TENT FOR THE NIGHT.

LOOK at yon traveler, weary, forlorn,
As he fixes his tent for the night,
He thinks if I only may rest here awhile,
And arise in the morning light,

I will then be refreshed, and onward I'll go
To the mines where I'm longing to be,
Where I expect to gain a vast portion of wealth,
That from poverty I may free.

He has traveled o'er many a weary road,
And has left behind many a mile,
And is making his way to the western mines,
Where he expects to greet wealth with a smile.

Poor man thinks of naught, but the goods of this life,
Thus from coveting his heart is not free,
And little he thinks that he may hear, "To-night
Thy soul is required of thee."

O, traveler, thou weary one, ponder o'er this,
Though you perish for bread here below,
For remember that Christ was "an hungered" ere He
To His home in the mansions did go.

On that memorable mount, "I am an hungered," He said,
Then angels, lo, angels of light,
Did gather around and minister to Him,
To Him on that memorable night.

So when Jesus himself did hunger below,
Don't worry, though you hunger, too,
For the Master will see that your wants are supplied,
If you to His cause will be true.

And thou who art fixing thy tent for the night,
When you're setting the stakes, O, be sure
That they're set on the Rock of Ages, lest you
Endless hell, forever endure.

“SMARTY HAD A PARTY.”

“SMARTY had a party, and nobody came,”
 But the eve was spent with pleasure, with pleasure
 just the same,

As though the room had been full of guests, yes full of in-
 vited guests,

Who would pass away the evening with their many idle
 jests.

So “Smarty had a party, and nobody came,”

But “Smarty” wasn’t sorry, neither felt she any shame,
 Because the guests invited did not come to spend the eve,
 Then “Smarty” who was smarty, thought her guests she
 would deceive.

So “Smarty had a party, and nobody came,”

Then she wrote a little notice, and who could “Smarty”
 blame,

Though she made it as she wrote it, just made it to deceive
 The guests who did not gather on that appointed eve.

When “Smarty had a party, and nobody came,”

But “Smarty” did enjoy herself in playing many a game
 Of cards, and then she played and danced, O, “Smarty”
 she was fine,

So she wrote a little notice, yes, wrote it down in line,
 That her guests did number twenty, and the refreshments
 served at ten

Were enjoyed by all those present, who took leave of absence
 then.

And then this little notice which she’d written down in line,
 She took it to the editor just awhile before ’twas nine,
 Who thanked her, as he took it, then when the morning
 came,

It was published in the Register, and who could “Smarty”
 blame.

"TILL DEATH US PART."

 E'VE met at last, and for the first
Since we have been apart;
Since you forgot the vow you made,
"Till death us part."

O, happy day! my bridal day,
'Twas happy, though so short,
For soon you did forget, dear Ed,
"Till death us part."

O, different was that day to this;
Then proud was my young heart,
When you placed the ring upon my hand
And said, "Till death us part."

But since, my heart you've crushed dead, Ed;
Yes, pierced it like a dart
When you left me, ah, forgetting, Ed,
"Till death us part."

O, do not hurry so, dear Ed!
What, hush! hush! I cannot,
I cannot hush; my heart's too full
To hush. "Till death us part."

So, saying this, her heart gave way;
'Twas pierced as with a dart,
Yes, broken by the one who once
Did vow, "Till death us part."

HUSHED IS THE VOICE OF OUR DARLING.

In memory of little Roy Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Miller,
near Eden, Ill.

HUSHED is the voice of our darling,
Sealed are his little eyes,
And far o'er death's foaming billows,
Sweetly his spirit did rise.

To the Savior, who lovingly called him
To the home prepared for the blest,
Where, ever, the form of our darling
Shall rest on the Savior's breast.

His calling was not unexpected,
For our loved one had told us before
That e'er the storms of the winter would visit our home,
His life, on this earth, would be o'er.

When we found his words were prophetic,
Our hearts were then sorely shocked
To think the coffin should follow, so closely,

The crib where our darling was rocked.
But no hope of our darling's recovery,
No power, his life could save;
So we shrouded our child for the coffin,
And followed our Roy to the grave.

THE END OF THE THREE.

THEY were on the ship, the mother and child,
And were trying to cross the wave,
But the ship they were on, was by accident wrecked,
And no power seemed near to save.

At last there came near where the poor mother stood,
Clinging, as mother's will cling to their child,
A life boat, though full, yet the poor mother cried,
In tones of anguish, so wild:

O, say! my brave men, take me and my child,
That we may again reach the shore!
But that heart-stricken one was answered this way—
Madam, we dare not take any more.

Then her sobs touched a heart, and he cried, take them, too,
But was answered, it cannot be done;
But he pled, O! so earnest, that at last it was said,
We'll take one, but just only one.

Who, then, do you reckon, was placed in the boat?
Was it mother, or son, who was there?
Twas the son, who was kissed, yes, dearly caressed
By the mother, who was left in despair;

Who said, as she handed him into the boat,
If you live your father to see,
Tell him I died to save you: then the strong billows swept
Her soul into eternity.

The shore has been reached, the husband is there;
He is handed his four-year-old boy,
But he cries, O, my wife! my wife, where is she?
My wife, my pride, and my joy.

He was answered by him who had sympathy shown
To her who was left in the deep,
I'm sorry, dear sir, but your darling wife lies
'Neath the ocean's billows, asleep.

Then he took his child, the offspring of her
 Who sleeps 'neath the ocean's wave,
 Who was longing to reach the one dear to her heart,
 But instead found a watery grave.

Yes he takes his child to his lonely home,
 The home which to him seems undone,
 And he cries as he enters and falls on the floor,
 My life is as yon setting sun.

His words were prophetic, he died where he lay,
 And a kind neighbor who chanced there to be,
 Took the child, who, though young, in grief pined away.
 So this was the end of the three.

KILLED BY THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

To the memory of the unfortunate man, who was killed by the
 midnight train of the Mobile and Ohio, but a few steps from Percy, Ill.

ATTENTION, fellow citizens, give ear to what I say,
 The mangled corpse of a poor man was found upon
 the way,
 Not far from yonder gate of hell, that's open now in Percy,
 Where Satan deals to old and young his poison without
 mercy.

The unfortunate man had spent the eve
 In that fiendish hell, a saloon,
 Which will drive its frequenters to heinous crimes,
 Like the winds would toss a balloon.

On Saturday evening he left the saloon
 And started for his home again,
 Though staggering drunk, he went on the track
 Just before the midnight train.

Yes, he started for home, but he reached it not,
The home where he'll ne'er be again,
For his mangled corpse on the track was found,
Crushed by the midnight train.

'Tis sad to think that he'd started for home
When liquor had crazed so his brain,
But he staggered along on the M. & O. track,
Till killed by the midnight train.

Methinks I can see him as he reeled to and fro,
From this side to that side again,
Though I cannot imagine the thoughts in his heart
When killed by the midnight train.

O, sad must have been the scene where he lay,
With his poor body torn in twain,
While his heart's blood was spilt on the M. & O. track,
Spilt there by the midnight train.

But they gathered his body, though crushed as it was,
Leaving naught but the crimson stain,
Which marked the place of the sad end of him
Who was killed by the midnight train.

And no one kept vigil o'er his silent corpse,
Which on the M. & O. track had lain,
From the time the unfortunate man had been struck
By the engine of the midnight train—

Till the early morn when there chanced to be
A tramp passing by the slain,
Who retraced his steps and told the sad case of him
Who was killed by the midnight train.

God pity the man who sold him the rum,
God pity, I must say it again,
On whose head rests the blood of the unfortunate man,
Who was killed by the midnight train.

The barkeeper's bondmen, God pity them, too,
 For they murdered, yes murdered the slain,
 For they all had a hand in the sad end of him
 Who was killed by the midnight train,

And now, to youths as well as to men,
 Forever from liquor refrain,
 Lest your life end in grief, as did the life of the one
 Who was killed by the midnight train.

HAIL! CHRISTMAS MORN.

Written by request of Mrs. Lippe, of St. Louis, Mo., she choosing Christmas for the subject.

HAIL! Christmas morn, O, blessed morn!
 On which to us a child was born:
 A child, a saviour, priest and king,
 Who to the world did freedom bring.

For sin did on this earth abound,
 For which no pardon could be found
 Except to us be born a sage,
 A son of heavenly parentage.

Hail! Holy light, whose rays did fall
 Upon the infant in the stall;
 Whose rays first shone upon the face
 Of the infant Christ so full of grace.

Hail! Holy star, that proved the guide
 To Him, who at His mother's side,
 Did in a stall lay meek and mild,
 Though "King of Kings," and God's own child.

Hail! Holy star, that marked the way
 To where the infant Jesus lay,
 That all the people, great and small,
 Might view Him, who was Lord of all.

Hail! Blessed Christ, from whence whose side
 There flows a gentle ebbing tide,
 To which I come, that here I may
 Have all my sins, yes, washed away.

DYING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

TAKE my knapsack, take it, comrade,
Take it home to mother, dear,
And the Bible that's within it
Tell her I've read with many a tear.

Sit thou closer to me, comrade,
Smooth my ruffled pillow down,
For I'm wounded and am dying,
Dying on the old camp ground.

Lean a little closer, comrade,
For my wound is bleeding yet,
And it injures thus my breathing,
O, God, just a moment let
Me have strength to speak distinctly,
So I'll know he'll ne'er forget

What I'd have him tell my mother
If he lives her face to see,
Tell her, comrade, don't forget it,
That her son from sin died free.

Though he fell within the battle,
Which to him a hell seemed then,
'Tween the roaring of the cannon
And the cursings of the men

Who were wounded in the battle,
Wounded, were they, as her son,
But, dear comrade, tell my mother
That her son did utter none.

But instead, the prayer she taught me,
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
For I seemed to know, dear comrade,
That soon God my soul would keep.

So, tell mother, that I'll never
Hear again the cannon's sound,
For I'am wounded, and am dying,
Dying on the old camp ground.

THE DEATH ANGEL'S VISIT.

In memory of little Roy Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Miller
of near Eden, Ill.

THE angel of death again has come
And quietly visits the Miller home,
Bearing sad news as he enters in
The home where the stifled sobs begin.
But a few fleet moments it seems to me,
Perhaps, no longer it seems to thee,
Since I plucked a floweret here before
And bore your loved one to the golden shore.
And again I have come with my sickle bright
To pluck another for the land of light,
In gathering "His jewels," I must search with care,
And of all the world I find Roy most fair.
So your darling's voice you can hear no more
Till you hear its ring on a distant shore.
Then as soon as the warning to his parents was given,
Roy's soul was borne to the gates of heaven.
Father, the voice of Thy crucified,
Here is a soul for which I have died,
As He lovingly sat him on the shining throne;
But what of the parents who are left to mourn?
I know what it is to be bereft,
For o'er the grave of Lazarus I wept;
I'll go and visit their darkened home
That peace to their wounded hearts may come.
Hark! 'Tis your Saviour who knocks at your door,
For I know that your hearts have been stricken sore
For the child that I've taken, my life I gave
From endless destruction his soul to save.

Your cross may seem heavy and "grievous to be borne,"
 But the cross of the world I've carried alone,
 And, O, what agony my bosom knew,
 When the fiery trials I was coming through."

On yon lone mountain I went to pray
 That the cup from my lips might pass away;
 But I drank; it was bitter; at last 'twas sweet,
 For in drinking I purchased thy souls' retreat

From an endless doom which to you would have come
 Had I not left my Father's home;
 Had I not come to die on the cross
 That you, through my death, might suffer no loss.

O, merciless world, it broke my heart,
 But I've borne it meekly, I've done my part.
 And of this same cup which you're drinking now,
 I've tasted, yes, drank, with thorns on my brow.

This cup I had drained when I cried, "I thirst,"
 With throbbing brow and heart ready to burst;
 So, no truer a friend have you on earth or in heaven
 Than I who for you on the cross was given.

So hush your sobs and dry your tears
 And bear your cross through the oncoming years;
 "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me,"
 For "My grace is sufficient—is sufficient for thee."

DREAMING OF THE JOYS ONCE KNOWN.

NCE my life was happy, seeming,
 Till a storm of sorrow, streaming,
 Swept across my heart, then dreaming,
 Dreaming of the joys once known;
 Dreaming of my life, once seeming
 Happy, till a storm came streaming
 O'er my young heart, which was dreaming,
 Dreaming of the joys once known.

Dreaming, was I, of my treasure
Which was once my only pleasure,
But has since proved, but to measure
 Loads of anguish to my soul.
Loads of anguish did my treasure,
Which was once my only pleasure,
To my broken heart did measure
 Loads of anguish to my soul.

And I sighed, e'en in my slumber,
While my dreams were without number,
Which would come with such a lumber
 Like a burden on my heart;
Like a burden, e'en in slumber,
While my dreams were without number,
Did this sorrow seem to lumber
 Like a burden on my heart.

And I wept, as one in sorrow,
And I wished that on the morrow
I could, e'en if I could borrow
 That which would do well its part;
That which would relieve my sorrow,
If I could but on the morrow
Gain that which I fain would borrow,
 That which would do well its part.

That which would relieve my weeping,
Which was caused by storms, then sweeping
O'er my young heart, which was reaping
 Bitterness, it knew not why;
Bitterness from storms then sweeping
O'er my young heart, which was reaping
Bitterness, which caused my weeping,
 Bitterness, it knew not why.

BACK AT THE DEAR HOME AGAIN.

(REFERRING TO MY OWN HOME.)

BACK at the dear old home again,
But father, where is he?
'Neath the sod of the grave so dark and deep.
His face is hidden from me.

Back at the dear old home again,
But mother is missing now,
Hushed are those darling lips of hers
And cold is her marble brow.

Back at the dear old home again,
The home which seems all undone,
For out of eleven but five are left,
And I the youngest one.

Back at the dear old home again
I stand in life's sad morn,
Thinking of the six, the remaining six
Who, too, at this home were born.

Though one of the six I never knew
For her soul to God had risen,
Ere I could do aught but to laugh and crow
She had found a home in heaven.

But the remaining five are scattered far,
Yes, scattered apart are they,
But blessed Father may we meet again,
May we meet again, I pray.

Back at the dear old home again,
The home that I love so well,
So the words that were said at parting once
May not prove a last farewell.

DEAR LITTLE ONES.

To the memory of little Nannie and Myrtle Chambers, daughters of
Mr. and Mrs. William Chambers, of St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR little ones, are they who sleep
'Neath the mould'ring sod of the grave so deep;
Whose little hands we can clasp no more,
Till we meet again, on that blissful shore.

O! that mem'able day, which came along
And sang to us a sorrowful song;
Yes, loud and shrill were the tones that fell
From the lips of the songster, who of death did tell.

And bitter, O, bitter! was the the awful scene,
When the angel of death, with his sickle keen,
Stood by their beds, while it glittered bright,
And plucked two flowers for the mansions bright.

Then we wept in anguish, where our darlings lay
Thinking that once on a brighter day
They'd been fondled, ah, yes, on a mother's breast,
Who now weeps in sorrow where her loved ones rest.

And on a father's knee they'd been lovingly tossed,
But who now weeps o'er his loved ones lost,
While his darling ones, in their shrouds, did lay
Ready for burial on that sad, sad day.

But weep not, dear parents, for there comes a day
That God will drive your grief away;
So, wounded hearts, turn to your God,
And bow beneath His chast'ning rod,
And lean thy heads upon the breast
Of Him who gives the weary rest.

THE WAYWARD SON.



RUSTLE of silk, and a diamond's glare,
And the eyes of a convict are fixed with a stare,
Though the rules of the prison were, speak not to
another,

Yet the overcome convict cries out, O, my mother!

Was it she who had known naught of the wrong
Of him who had been from her presence so long?
And who had not written, in those sad years of pain,
To her who was longing to see him again?

Indeed, it was she, who had given him birth,
And thought him the dearest object on earth;
And who had not dreamed that her wayward son
Was in a prisoner's cell, for the wrong he had done.

The mother, who had come with flowers and books
To give to the prisoners, in astonishment looks,
And sobbed, as she gazed on her wayward son—
My God! my, God! What wrong have you done?

The one who I've fondled in love on my knee,
The one whom I thought my pride ever would be
Occupies, to my grief, a prisoner's cell:
O, Herald, my son! O, God! then she fell.

On the floor, in a swoon, did the poor mother lay,
Never more to awake till that blest coming day;
And the son, who was weeping, then knelt by the dead,
O, mother! dear mother! the prisoner said,
I've made grief for myself, but the worst I have done
Is having broken thy heart, O, thou sainted one!

On thy face, where so oft I have printed a kiss,
 I would fain print another, but only for this,
 My stripes, O, the accursed stripes! that I wear,
 Which have broken the heart that no longer could bear
 The grief which was caused by her only son
 In doing the wrong, the wrong he has done.

But from this on, darling mother, if I ever get free.
 I'll strive to be that which you wanted of me—
 A minister of the gospel, dear mother, I'll be,
 If from the walls of this prison I live to get free.

FACES LOVED IN YOUTH.

 HERE are many happy faces
 Which I loved in days gone by,
 Whose spirits now are soaring
 Far above the starry sky.
 One is there, who in my childhood
 Calmed my every childish fear;
 One is there, whose cherished mem'ry
 To my heart is ever dear.

WHAT IS MY LIFE TO ME?

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

 HAT is my life to me
 Since her face I cannot see,
 Beneath the sod?
 She, whose soul has risen
 Up to yon bright heaven,
 The home of God.

GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD EIGHTIETH.

In memory of the 80th Illinois Regiment, of which my brother, Archie Stewart, and my uncle, J. W. Snodgrass, were volunteers, my brother having faced the enemy till he was mustered out at the close of the war, but my uncle lost his life.

OD bless the dear old Eightieth,
Our country's pride and joy;
Long may she live under freedom's folds,
The dear old Eightieth Illinois.

For when the South took up her arms,
Our country to destroy,
No braver boys against her fought
Than those of the Eightieth Illinois.

God bless the dear old Eightieth,
Who bravely did deploy,
And may thy banner shield from harm,
The dear old Eightieth Illinois.

Yes, bless the dear old Eightieth,
And pardon every boy,
Whose name was entered on the list
Of the dear old Eightieth Illinois.

Whose memory I'll ever cherish,
As a child a treasured toy,
And breathe a prayer in their behalf;
God bless the Eightieth Illinois.

GOT HER OWN WORDS BACK.

HE was sleeping on the sofa,
Sleeping heavily was he;
And his dream, which I shall tell you,
Caused him bitter agony.

It was this, that Mervo Nester,
She, the heiress of the town,
Stood beside young Edward Eston.
In a snowy, silken gown.

And her hair in golden ringlets,
Peeping 'neath her bridal veil,
Which was pinned in folds with diamonds,
Making thus a lovely trail.

And when they were being married,
The bell in yonder steeple tolled,
And it seemed to say to Edward
Thou hast married her for gold.

And in doing so you've murdered
Elgo, who did love you well,
But who now in death is sleeping,
She whose death those sad taps tell.

Then his conscience stung him sorely,
While his grief did on him sway,
And he wandered to the forest,
Thinking that he'd find a way
To escape the bitter anguish.
Which did crush his heart that day.

And he sat him down in silence,
Pondering o'er what he had done,
When a dove who sat above him
Soon her bickering she begun.

Yes, the dove which sat above him,
Perched upon a swinging limb,
Stopped her cooing as she spied him,
While she seemed to frown on him.

Saying you have killed the darling Elgo;
Died she at her mother's side,
Sobbing, I had hoped, with girlhood's fondness,
To stand Edward Eston's chosen bride.

Take the note which I can't finish,
Take it, mother, to my Ed;
Tell him, when he's finished reading,
That thy daughter Elgo's dead.

And that he (though yet I love him)
Was the cause of my sad death;
But I freely do forgive him,
Said she with her latest breath.

In the morn he wakes with terror—
Thank God, 'tis a dream he said,
But I'll dress and go to Elgo;
And he goes, but finds her dead.

And the note which was unfinished,
Lay within the coffin, too;
And it read, dear Ed, I love you,
Though to me you've been untrue.

But, dear Ed,— a dash does finish,
For her life had passed away;
And at this the sad young lover
Fell beside her shrouded clay,

As he sobbed, O! what can this mean?
For, my darling, I was true;
While his tears like rain were falling,
Thick were they as morning dew.

But at last the thing mysterious,
Opened to the light one day;
It was this, that Mervo Nester,
(She, the heiress, young and gay)
Loved the gallant Edward Eston,
And she sought his hand, but nay.

For, he answered, I love Elgo
Better than thy riches all,
And I ne'er will wed another;
So 'twas this that caused the pall

To be placed on poor, sweet Elgo;
For her rival then did swear
That the idol of his bosom
Never Edward's home should share.

So she got young Edward's handwrite,
And disguised her own full well
Into that of Edward Eston's,
And to Elgo she did tell,

In the note that she had written,
Which began, I've changed my mind,
And I'll never wed thee, Elgo,
For I'm leaving thee behind.

I admit I once did love yon,
But I love another now,
And in preference to thee, Elgo,
I will take with her the vow.

To protect, yes, love and cherish,
For I love her, love her well,
And discarding thee forever,
I in haste do say farewell.

Then, when Edward, young and gallant,
Knew the mystery once so deep,
Went in haste to this young heiress,
Ere his eyes did close in sleep.

And he said in tones defiant,
While his heart was full of pain,
You have murdered Elgo Stetson,
And her death's made thee no gain,
For I would not wed thee, Mervo,
If you'd lay within my hand
All the wealth this world could gather,
Giving it at my command.
For you've murdered Elgo Stetson,
She who I did love so well,
And for whom I'll always sorrow,
So I in haste do say farwell.

MY WISH TO-NIGHT,

Written by request of Mr. Porter Rolls, of St. Louis, Mo., he choosing the subject to be that of Mother.

W^{ould} I were back to-night, mother,
At home in my little bed,
Where many a prayer was offered for me,
And many a tear was shed.

Yes, many a prayer to the Great High Priest
Was offered up for me,
That I might grow up into manhood true.
And from the snares of this world be free.

But, mother, dear, I regret to say,
That your prayers, in a sense, were vain,
For many a snare has taken me in,
Which has caused me many a pain.

Yes, many a snare, dear mother, has
Caused grief to your wayward son,
But from this on, I pledge myself
To trust in the Holy One.

And kneeling now beside my bed,
 As you taught me, mother, dear,
 And saying the same sweet childish prayer
 That I lisped when you were near,
 My heart at last, at last I've given
 To Christ who lives and reigns in heaven.

DEATH UNEXPECTED.

In memory of Mr. William McKee, who died very suddenly in the
 harvest field.

CARELESSLY gath'ring the golden grain,
 Tossing the bright sheaves again and again,
 Heedless of thinking that the Reaper on High,
 Would be gath'ring sheaves in the near by and by.

Ah! heedless of thinking that the Reaper above,
 Would come from his harvest fields of love,
 To pluck a sheaf from this world of sin,
 And that he as a sheaf would be gathered in.

Yes, the angel of death with his sickle keen,
 Came in the Master's harvest to glean,
 And took the one who was gath'ring the sheaves
 Then from the harvest field he leaves.

And at the sight of this unexpected one,
 He finds that his life is well nigh done,
 Then he called to his comrade on that mem'able day,
 That dead in the harvest field William lay.

Yes, he calls to his comrade, who responds to his call.
 But ere doth he reach him death's victim doth fall;
 His limp form he raises, but life is extinct,
 And the soul of friend William with eternity linked.

We cannot say farther, but we hope he's at rest,
 We hope he's reclining on the Savior's breast;
 We hope, ah, yes, he was gathered in
 From the whitened harvest fields of sin.

WANTED A DIVORCE, OR THE LAWYER'S BORE.

GOOD morning, Mr. Brown, she said.
I suppose that that's your name;
Well, you know ould John Flannegan,
And you know that I'm his dame.

I didn't know, the lawyer said,
Not knowing what else to say.
As she scanned him as she talked to him,
In her queer and easy way.

You didna know, deed I did;
I've known it, many's the day.
Sure, sir, and it's been to my disthress.
And I'm after a divorce the day.

Well, I cannot give you a divorce, he said,
The court must settle that;
Court, and it's not after courting I am,
I can tell you that mighty pat.

For you know I was married once before,
And you know that Booth was his name;
And you know he was mane, like the rest of the men,
When I lived wa him at his hame.

The lawyer took from his shelves a book,
And turning its pages o'er,
Thought, of all my sad experiences,
I've never had such a bore.

Then said, how long have you parted been?
Parted been, and what's that do ye know?
The lawyer getting impatient then,
And wishing that she'd go,

Said rather harshly, how long, how long is he—?

Why, I think he's about six foot tall.

O, how long have you lived—? Have I lived wa him?

It's about forty years this fall.

But, how long have you lived apart, said he;

Now, I suppose you understand.

Apart, apart, and what's that, do ye know,

Say, can ye tell me, man?

Brown finding it then impossible

To make her understand,

Threw hastily open another book,

Which he held within his hand.

And read, from the statutes of our State,

You must live apart one year

Before the court will grant a divorce:

Now, I suppose you see it clear.

Deed and I see no divorce at all.

O, come over here! And have it?

No, read, you must stay from him a year;

Deed, sir, and I canna do it.

The lawyer laying aside the book,

Then said, as he closed the lid,

Then why did you want to get a divorce?

Sure, and I thought it would make him gud.

For as I told ye, I was married once before,

And I tould ye that Booth was his name,

And you know that I lived wid this man Booth,

Yes, I lived wid him at his hame.

And we had a son, a fine son he was;

Then poor Booth sickened and died,

But it was na' long till Flannegan came

And then the knot was tied.

And me son to Booth is now a man
 And Flannegan no likes him at all,
 So he sassed him to-day and he knocked him down,
 Yes, down to the ground did he fall.

So I gied out and said, you'll no whip him
 Because he belongs to Booth;
 When, faith and he turned himsel' wa' a whirl
 And gied me one in the mouth.

And I thought that was pretty fresh;
 What da' ye think? humph, did ye say;
 Then thinks I to mysel', I'll settle wa' ye,
 I'll get me a divorce the day.

And then Mrs. O'Conner tould me to,
 She said that it settled Tim,
 That he had thrashed her, yes, many's the times,
 And a divorce had settled him.

So I was dressed just as ye see me here,
 And, says I, will I go o'er this way?
 Sure, and you're good enough, says she,
 So I'm aither a divorce the day.

HEEDLESS OF THE COMING TRAIN.

In memory of the unfortunate man, who was killed by the mid-night train of the M. & O., and found crushed on the track but a few steps from Percy, Ill.

 CRUEL man, who sold the rum
 That did so craze the brain
 Of him who staggered on the track,
 Heedless of the coming train.

Do you not at the midnight hour,
Hear cries of bitter pain,
From him who reeled along the track,
Heedless of the coming train.

And you, who went upon the bond
Of him who sold the beer,
Methinks if you at the midnight hour,
Would listen, you would hear

The oft repeated knocks of him,
Who cries with wailing sound,
These words, you caused my sudden death,
And my blood "cries from the ground."

O, guilty parties, surely you
Hear cries of bitter pain,
Of him who'd started for his home,
Heedless of the coming train.

But who did never reach it, for
He on the track was slain.
Yes, crushed was he, when staggering there,
Heedless of the coming train,

His anxious loved ones at their home,
Watched for him, but in vain,
For the engine crushed him, as he walked,
Heedless of the coming train.

O, God, forgive the ones who caused
Such bitter, bitter pain.
To him who reeled along the track,
Heedless of the coming train.

WHEN CHRIST COMES.

HEN Christ comes, from grief I'll sever,
 Never more to know it, never;
 And He's coming, for He's promised,
 And His promises are true.
 Then when with my Lord I'll tarry,
 I no more my grief will carry;
 For the Lamb, that blest Jehovah,
 Jesus, Savior, Priest and King,
 Will abate the storm now beating,
 On my faint heart, when at meeting
 I behold Him, "King of Kings."

When Christ comes, He'll relieve my sorrow.
 And He's coming, yes, to-morrow;
 And He'll enter through the doorway
 Of this broken heart of mine.
 Then when at that glorious meeting,
 And that happy, happy greeting,
 I shall see my blessed Savior—
 See Him, who is "King of Kings,"
 I shall know no more my sorrow,
 On that coming, glad to-morrow,
 When with "these same eyes" I'll view Him,
 View Him, who is "King of Kings."

Yes, with "these same eyes" behold Him,
 When the shining heavens unfold him,
 To the view of one who's weeping,
 Weeping, O! so bitterly.
 Weeping, yes, O! sadly weeping,
 From a storm of sorrow sweeping,
 'Cross my young heart, which is reaping
 Bitterness it knows not why.
 While on earth naught can abate it,
 And no tongue can e'er relate it,

And no writer's pen can state it,
E'en the pen that's writing now;
Held by her, who feels this sorrow,
Which some say that she did borrow.
But the writer knows full well
That a storm of anguish, streaming
O'er her young heart, which was dreaming,
Swept across her pathway, teeming
Loads of anguish to her soul.

But with all this bitter sorrow,
Christ will, on that glad to-morrow,
Sweeten, yes, the cup so bitter,
From whose contents now I sip.
Long I for His blessed coming,
Yes, my heart is ever yearning
For that blessed King Immanuel,
Who will drive my grief away.

Then what matter if I sorrow,
If I weep till that glad morrow,
For I'll weep not up in heaven,
I will only weep below.
For I'll go with Christ to heaven,
When my sins are all forgiven,
And I'll sit me down beside Him,
When He sits upon His throne.
And I'll sorrow then, no, never,
For I'll be with Christ forever;
Then what matter if I sorrow,
If I weep but here below?
When I'll reach that blessed heaven,
Through the path which Christ has given
Many a mark of crimson stain;
Which flowed from His side then riven,
As He made His way to heaven,
Here His mission being ended;
And, thank God, 'twas well, well done.

Then when at His blest ascension
From this world of dark dissention,
When the sky was turned to darkness,
And the earth seemed rent in twain,
And the saints, who then were sleeping,
Rose, when King Immanuel, sweeping
In triumphant victory,
From the cruel cross, ascended
To the mansion where there blended
Angel voices sweetly singing,
Singing of the lamb then slain.
O, 'twas grand, was His ascension,
Yes, so grand, that none can mention,
When the harpers, in their glory,
Played, while angels sang the story
"Of Moses and the Lamb."

Then why need I or another
Weep when we have such a Brother.
Who will all our burdens bear;
He who's anxious to relieve us,
And who's anxious to receive us,
To His loving arms of mercy,
Which are outstretched for us all.
So, methinks, that now forever,
I will never more, no never,
Murmur, but to Christ I'll ever
Cling, to Him who clings to me.

THE PICTURE OVER THE WAY.

I WAS writing a poem about the home that I love,
When I chanced just to look from my window above,
And through the glass in the window just over the way,
I saw a beautiful picture to-day.

Yes, across from my window a picture I see,
And were I an artist I would paint it for thee,
But I'll paint for your fancy and not for your eye,
For I'm better at rhyming than painting, and why?

'Tis a babe that some one seems to hold on her breast,
And 'twould seem that the dear little lamb cannot rest,
For 'twill catch at the shade with its dear little hand,
And when I saw it I thought it the sweetest babe of the land.

Yes, I was writing a poem about the home that is dear
To my heart, yet unfinished 'tis lying here,
For when I noticed the picture, just over the way,
I thought I would write about that darling to-day,
As 'twould seem that my thoughts wanted to run in that line,
And I wished that baby, I wished it were mine.

FRIENDSHIP'S FANCY.

METHINKS I see you on that day,
Though many years have passed away,
Since a Holland mother, youthful one,
Clasped to her breast an infant son.

With joy she held thee in her arms,
A babe then blest with beauty's charms,
And though thy hair has changed from gold
To pure white, yet I behold,

A beauty still within thy face
Which years, though many, can't deface,
For still within thy face I see
A beauty for which I envy thee.

Methinks I see thee fondled there
By a Holland mother young and fair,
And well might she, that noble one,
Be proud of thee, her darling son.

From infancy to boyhood, then,
Methinks I see thee once again,
When you in knee pants, pretty boy,
Was a Holland mother's pride and joy.

Then in your teens again I see
The boy I've pictured from infancy,
Who has arrived at the period when
All boys then think that they are men.

And then at last at twenty-one,
When you life's journey then begun,
When, lo, dame fortune starts with thee,
And follows e'en across the sea.

Of life, o'er which you've almost crossed,
Though on whose breast you ne'er have lost,
The gift and smile of fortune true,
That has ever overshadowed you.

For thousands now do you possess,
Perhaps 'tis more, not any less,
Which now within thy honored hand
You hold, yes, hold at thy command.

A mass of wealth, ah! yes I say,
But remember friend, there comes a day
When wealth, now sought for by us all,
Will nothing seem, when 'neath the pall.

We lay in peace or torment, one,
On earth our mission being done,
When summoned to the court of heaven,
Our record then to God is given.

To Him, the Judge who rules above,
Within that land of light and love,
Where the author begs, in earnest prayer,
That you, her subject, may be there.

That you, the subject of my poem,
May reach it for thy future home,
To dwell forever in endless bliss,
Is the prayer of the one who has written this.

So pause and meditate with me,
For another life, dear friend, there be,
Another life comes after death,
When we have spent our latest breath.

And "with these same eyes" will we behold
The pangs of hell, or heaven's gold,
So pause, dear friend, at this my plea,
And trust in Him who died for thee.

I call thee friend, for thou to me
Hast surely proven such to be,
And I, with pride and reverence, too,
Accept the friendship shown by you.

With pride, ah, yes, do I behold
The one whose hair was pure gold,
When on thy mother's breast you lay
In Holland, many miles away.

I BEG PARDON.

I BEG your pardon, my readers dear,
But poets you know are very queer;
Especially so when you add the *ess*,
Which, of course, you know makes poetess.

Well, I beg your pardon, again I'll say,
For I thought I'd finished my book to-day,
But then my mind seemed full of rhyme,
So I wrote it down, as I had the time.

I'm like my sex, who will change their mind,
If they happen a better chance to find—
Even though to one they pledged may be,
Yes, pledged through all eternity.

But I won't be too hard on this certain sex,
For man, yes, man, he often wrecks
The lives of those who'd to him cling,
Even to him, the insignificant thing.

GOOD AS GOLD.

LITTLE Charlie Weston,
Bright eyed little boy,
He's the one to catch girls,
He would prove a joy.

He is young and handsome,
Handsome to behold,
Catch him if you can, girls,
He's as good as gold.

Little Charlie Weston,
Brightest of them all,
Who was struck on Nellie,
And on her did call.

Her mamma didn't know,
But what did Nellie care,
Just so Charlie Weston,
Staid when he came there.

But Miss Nellie Hamlin
Has a fair young friend,
Who went to school with Charlie,
And notes to him did send.

Whose name is Miss May Seeger,
Who Charlie loves full well,
But perhaps I should'nt tell it,
So I'll ask you not to tell.

A WALK IN SORROW.

LEAVING HOME FOR SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE morning dawns, yes, dawns at last,
O'er the home where many joys have passed,
Passed away from the one who now
Walks out in the morning with clouded brow.

Yes, out in the morning air I go
To where my parents are sleeping below,
'Neath the grave sod, ah, the cold damp earth,
And the name of her who gave me birth.

I call, O, mother! I call, but, lo!
Naught seems to answer but the mere echo
Of my voice which, in broken fragments, would seem
To fall upon one who was but in a dream.

But I'm sorry, ah, sorry, I am to say,
That my life was real—not a dream—that day,
For I lived, 'twas real and not a dream,
Yes lived while clouds of sorrow did stream
O'er the heart of the writer, while she knelt 'tween the mounds
Of her parents, who were deaf to her wailing sounds.

But I lived in a dream when my parents so dear
Lived upon earth, their daughter to cheer,
But since those dear ones have been laid to rest,
A storm-cloud of grief has surrounded my breast.

DON'T THINK I MEANT TO SLIGHT THEE.

ON'T think that I meant to slight thee
In the poem of yesterday,
For I'm sure 'twas not my intention;
So mark what now I say,
And pardon all my errors,
If any I chance to make,
For poets are apt to err, you know.
Especially if love's at stake.

Don't think that I meant to slight thee,
As 'twas not my intention then;
For my young heart proudly taught me
To deem thee the best of men,
And to think of thee last in the evening,
And first of thee at the dawn;
So believe me, friend, when I tell you
That I meant not to slight thee, Hahn.

For when to that land of beauty,
To the land of love and light,
Your soul from this world of sorrow
Will arise to take its flight,
And wing its way to heaven,
To the "Great White Throne" above,
There to give to God thy record,
Whether wrong, or naught but love;
I pray that God, the Father,
Will accept thy record given,
And say to thee, 'tis well, my friend,
Enter ye the joys of heaven.

THOU BLESSED.

“THY NAME SHALL BE CALLED BLESSED AMONG ALL WOMEN.”

THOU blessed among all women,
Thou blessed virgin fair,
Who was chosen by the Father
To be mother of His Heir,
The Great High Priest of heaven,
One of the blessed Three,
Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
Which forms the Trinity.

Thou blessed among all women,
Thou mother of the Lamb,
Who, I, when death approaches me,
Would clasp His wounded palm,
And cling to King Immanuel,
When comes my latest breath,
Then naught I'd fear and naught I'd ask,
If Christ were near in death.

Thou blessed among all women,
Thou blessed chosen one,
Selected by the Father
To be mother of His Son,
And thou through coming ages,
Shall this honored title bear,
Thou blessed among all women,
Thou blessed virgin fair.

LONG AGO.

SONG.

LONG ago I knew no sorrow,
Then sweet joys around me shown.
But those joys have taken wings,
And forever they have flown
To the sweet and happy long, long ago.
Long ago, long ago,
To the sweet and happy long, long ago.

Once my heart was light and happy.
And why am I sad to-night?
'Tis because those golden moments
Went forever from my sight,
To the sweet and happy long, long ago.
Long ago, long ago,
To the sweet and happy long, long ago.

Now the world seems naught but sorrow,
And no solace can it give,
Yet methinks I ne'er would sorrow,
If I could but only live
In the sweet and happy long, long ago.
Long ago, long ago,
In the sweet and happy long, long ago.

Oft I see, amid my fancies,
Shadows passing on the wing,
And I hear sweet strains of music,
Which so oft faint mem'ries bring,
Of the sweet and happy long, long ago.
Long ago, long ago,
Of the sweet and happy long, long ago.

If my paths were strewn with roses,
And my grief to joys would turn,
Though I owned a world of wealth,
Still my weary heart would yearn
For the sweet and happy long, long ago.
Long ago, long ago,
For the sweet and happy long, long ago.

ERE WE, DEAR BERT, DID PART.

 BERT, if I could but recline
Upon thy bosom, even thine,
My sorrow would be o'er.
My life would then a heaven be,
If I, dear Bert, were near to thee,
Near to the one I love.

But when, by accident, I met thy car,
O God, it had been better far
That I had ceased to live
Than meet again the one I must
Love dearly, though I cannot trust
Thee Bert, e'en though I love.

So now, dear Bert, you know that I
In sorrow must forever sigh,
For thee I ne'er can wed,
Since you, my dear, will I relate
The story, Bert, which you did state,
Ere we, dear Bert, did part.

FLAG OF THE EIGHTIETH.

Addressed to the 80th Illinois Infantry, under which J. W. Snodgrass and Archie Stewart were volunteers. The former, who was uncle to the author, died while in the service, and the latter, her brother, returned home.

 FLAG of the 80th, weeping I stand,
When beholding thy loved folds so noble and grand.
And, though they are tattered, fain would I embrace
Thy folds which are torn, which the war did deface.

Yes, flag of the 80th, fain would I embrace
Thy folds, e'en though tattered, which the war did deface;
The war, O, the horrible scenes which are past,
Yet the memories of which forever will last.

Dear flag of the 80th, the war's past, but to-day,
As I stand gazing on thee, a burden does sway
On my heart, while I think that 'neath thy dear folds
Hundreds, yes, thousands of dear loving souls

Died, flag of the 80th, when following thee,
Fighting that the U. S. undivided should be;
Yes, heroes they fought, and heroes they fell,
While the bravery they showed no writer can tell.

Dear flag of the 80th, with pride do I stand
While I deem thee the dearest flag of our land,
For a soldier now sleeps in a lone Southern grave
Who fought 'neath thy folds his country to save.

Yes, flag of the 80th, in Georgia to-day
Sleeps a hero, God bless him! God bless him! I say,
For he, dear to my heart, that dear loving one
Fought 'neath thy folds from sun unto sun.

But, flag of the 80th, there came a sad day
When from fatigue and privation he was borne away;
The ambulance bore him, dear flag, from thy side
To the hospital where the patriot died.

Yes, flag of the 80th, in a far away land
Without a relative near him save one of his band
Who had volunteered, too, his country to save,
E'en though he should fall and fill a lone grave.

Dear flag, need I tell you 'twas my uncle who fell,
Who died all alone, O, the anguish to tell,
That he died down in Georgia without e'en a dear hand
His anguish to soothe in a far away land.

Dear flag of the 80th, his relative, who
Was his nephew, then was fighting the accursed rebel crew,
And though not far distant, could not speak to him,
Who lay in the hospital with eyes growing dim.

Yes, flag of the 80th, in a lone Southern grave
Lies my uncle, who fought, his country to save;
And ne'er did a soldier, with a more ready will,
Fight, than did he at sad Perryville.

So, flag of the 80th, I'm proud to behold
The flag which was followed by him noble and bold;
Who followed thee bravely, till at the thought, I must sigh,
He was summoned to answer the roll-call on high.

But, flag of the 80th, I'm thankful to God,
Though I sigh that my uncle now sleeps 'neath the sod:
I'm thankful to God, the dear God above,
That my brother was spared, a brother I love.

Who, flag of the 80th, did follow thee when
The tears of my mother were falling like rain,
While she prayed for his safety in tears thick as dew
When bravely he fought in the government's blue.

Dear flag of the 80th, I now must depart,
 Yet, fain I'd stay with thee, dear one to my heart,
 For I love to behold thee, so noble and grand,
 That was followed by one in a far away land,

Who, flag of the 80th, now sleeps 'neath the sod,
 While his spirit is dwelling in the presence of God,
 Where no more will he hear the dread cannon's sound,
 And no more will he see mound after mound.

Which, flag of the 80th, have heroes concealed,
 The bodies of those who were slain on the field,
 Who had sacrificed home, and friends loving and true,
 And died as brave martyrs, in the government's blue.

ADVERTISED.



ONLY a band of rubber,
 A souvenir to him,
 On whose desk is this band of rubber,
 From morn till day grows dim.

Only a band of rubber,
 A trifling little thing,
 But no, 'tis not so little,
 But instead a very large ring.

Only a band of rubber,
 Whose owner is yet unknown,
 But who surely can have the rubber.
 If she proves it as her own.

And pays the expense of this notice,
 Of the souvenir of him,
 On whose desk is this band of rubber,
 From morn till day grows dim.

ANDERSONVILLE.

IN MEMORY OF THE PRISONERS OF ANDERSONVILLE.



ANDERSONVILLE! Sad Andersonville!
The name strikes in my heart a terrible thrill
When I think of the sufferings and trials of the men
That were inflicted on them in that accursed rebel den;
They suffered for water, they suffered for bread,
With the sky for a covering and the ground for a bed,
And night after night, and year after year
They suffered this torture in Andersonville, drear.

O, Andersonville! that horrible name,
The mention of which kindles my heart's blood aflame
When I think of the anguish which the inmates passed
through
When imprisoned were they by the accursed rebel crew;
For, methinks, I can hear the cries of the men
Begging for water, again and again,
And for sustenance, too: but alas! they're denied,
Till fifteen thousand of the prisoners died.

O, Andersonville! at the very word
My blood seems to curdle, my anger is stirred,
When I think of the torture of those poor starving men,
Who were held there, as prisoners, in that heinous pen—
In Andersonville, yes, that heinous den
Where, truly, privation was first known by men
Whose innumerable sufferings no writer can tell,
For, methinks, it was next to the burnings of hell.

O, Andersonville! My God! how it sounds;
'Twas enough to cause those who slept 'neath their mounds
To burst forth from their graves and kneel down in prayer,
Calling heaven to witness the agony there,
Where, at Andersonville, the prisoners lay
Starving for bread from day unto day;
Yes, shivering with cold, and starving for bread
Till fifteen thousand of their number lay dead.

O, Andersonville! that heinous den,
The rulers of which were the vilest of men,
For fifteen thousand brave men perished there;
Yes, perished for sustenance, while their cries filled the air.
At Andersonville for sustenance they cried,
At Andersonville, brave martyrs, they died;
And though not a stone marks the place where they lay,
Yet their memory's a monument in each true heart to-day.

O, Andersonville! well may the South
Forever hold her tongue, and close, too, her mouth,
For her leaders were, surely, the vilest of men.
As were those who officiated in that heinous den;
But, Andersonville, there's a day coming for thee,
When, methinks, all thy leaders in torment will be;
For think of your cruelty to the poor starving men
That you held, as prisoners, in Andersonville pen.

O, Andersonville! Dread Andersonville!
At the name does my heart with anguish now fill,
The leader of which now sleeps 'neath the sod,
Yet, methinks, he is far from dwelling with God,
For a traitor he was, a traitor was he;
Then why disfranchise him, and let him go, free?
Why didn't "Old Abe" say, *hang* the base one!
That was the cause of the treachery at Andersonville done?

WHEN FAR DISTANT.

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER PHEBE.

WHEN far distant from you, Phebe,
Though o'er my heart a burden sways,
I recall the happy moments
Spent with you in childhood days.

MY DEPARTURE.

RETURNING TO ST. LOUIS AFTER A VISIT HOME.

HOME, dear home, is it possible now,
That I, who once wore a brighter brow,
That I, when I had my parents so dear,
Knew not a sorrow, not even a fear.
But now I am left without parents, dear home,
Yet in thy loved places I came here to roam,
For as near to my parents as now I can be,
Dear home, is to linger, to linger with thee.
And home, blest home, ever dear to my heart,
I fain would stay with thee, I hate to depart,
But away on life's voyage, though rough it may be,
Again I must go, so farewell to thee.

FEW.

FEW want to grow old,
Few want to die young,
But few get what they want,
And then few hold their tongue.

A FACT FOUNDED ON FANCY.

I KNOW not the hour I'll meet with death,
 And be fanned with its icy breeze,
 But one thing I truly know, dear friend,
 I'll never die with the heart disease.

Perhaps you may ask me to explain
 Why I'm so certain of what I say,
 Well, I will explain, it is because
 You have stolen my heart away.

AUTOGRAPHS.

I shall never forget you, no never,
 I'll think of you by night and by day,
 Yes, think of you ever with pleasure
 Though you be absent and far away.

My wish to thee, my dear friend, is,
 That thy life may happy be,
 And O, that heaven may bestow
 Her richest gifts on thee.

The time, perhaps, will soon draw near
 When you and I shall part,
 But thy image still I'll ever keep
 In the mirror of my heart.

Time is swift instead of slow,
And to the grave we all must go,
If you go first my heart will burst,
Because, my dear, I love you so.

I shall never forget you, no never,
I'll think of you by day and by night,
Yes, think of you ever with pleasure,
And love you with all my might.

I don't pretend to call you a thief
But then you have taken a start,
For to tell you the honest truth, dear friend,
You have stolen what? My heart.

My love is as strong as a tornado,
And as deep as the deepest sea,
I am longing to change it for your love,
Will you make the change with me?

DEAR CHRIST.



DEAR CHRIST, Thou who didst die for me,
Thou who knew naught but agony.
While you upon the cross did hang.
When heartless Jews around Thee sang
Mockings, bitter, dear Christ to Thee,
Who hung upon the cross for me.

Dear Christ, Thou who knew naught but grief,
Whose anguish, Lord, knew no relief,
Yet, Thou dear Christ did meekly bow,
E'en while great sweat-drops on Thy brow
Stood, caused from Thy excessive pain,
Ere Thy dear heart was broke in twain.

From Thy excessive pain there stood
Great sweat-drops, even drops of blood
Upon Thy brow, dear Lamb of God,
While Thou beneath the chast'ning rod
Did hang, dear Son of God, for me,
To cleanse me from iniquity.

They mocked, yes, mocked, at Thee, dear Lord,
Denying thus the Lamb of God,
And this inscription did they use
O'er Thy dear head, "Hail, King of the Jews,"
Was placed in an inscription there.
Above the Son of God so fair.





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